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FIFTH PAGE.

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Poetry.

THE CRY OF THE DREAMER.

I am tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded hives of men;
Heart weary of building and spoiling,
And spoiling and building again.
And I long for the dear old river,
Where I dreamed my youth away;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming,
Of the life that is half a lie;
Of the faces lined with scheming
In the throng that hurries by.
From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor,
I would go where the children play;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I feel no pride, but pity,
For the burdens the rich endure.
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.
O, the little hands so skillful,
And the child mind choked with weeds,
The daughter's heart grows willful,
And the father's heart that bleeds.

No, no! from the street's ride bustle,
From the trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the wood's low rustle,
And the meadow's kindly page.
Let me dream as of old by the river,
And be loved for the dream alway;
For the dreamer lives forever,
And the toiler dies in a day.

—[John Boyle O'Reilly.

A SHORT STATE-MENT.

There often greets me in my dreams,
A pictured face that life-like seems;
The face of her whose dulcet voice
Used once to make my heart rejoice—
My gal
In Cal.

She was a little blue-eyed fairy,
But, sad to tell, was mercenary;
She married rich, to my regret,
And so I courted a brunette,
B'gosh!
In Wash.

But fate an adverse doom had written,
And once again I got the mitten;
So, thus the second time refused,
My earnest pleadings next amused
A miss
In Wis.

Same result. She loved another,
But said that I "might be her brother;"
But I shall not unmarried die,
Undaunted yet, I think I'll try
Again
In Penn.

—[Terre Haute Express.

HAW! HAW-HAW! HAW!

Have you heard it—that laugh—has it come to your ears?
Has it crossed your long way through this valley of tears?
Has it jingled your teeth out and loosened your hair
And made you think brick dust was thick in the air?
'Tis free, quite untrammeled by harmony's lay,
With its Haw! Haw-Haw! Haw!

Has your tympanum trembled in delicate pain
As it caught the effects of the mirthful refrain?
Has the matter of gray that's coiled up in your head
Curdled up all confused till the mass seemed lead?
'Tis a ripple of discord that shows not a flaw—
Is the Haw! Haw-Haw! Haw!

—[Washington Post.

NOW IS THE CHERRY IN BLOSSOM.

Now is the cherry in blossom, love,
Love of my heart, with the appie to follow,
Over the village at nightfall now
Merrily veers and darts the swallow.

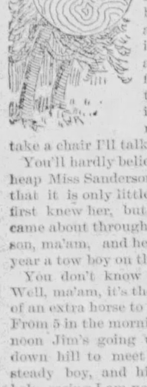
At nightfall now in the dark marsh grass
Awakes the chorus that sings old sorrow;
The evening star is dim for the dew,
And the apple and lilac will bloom to-morrow.

The honeysuckle is red on the rock;
The willow floats over the brook like a feather;
In every shadow some love lies hid:
And you and I in the world together.

—[Mary E. Wilkins in Harper's.

Our Story Teller.

HOW IT HAPPENED.



"WELL, ma'am, it was quite a story, but I never felt free to tell it to anybody before; but since you are so anxious to know it, I'll tell you how it all came about. Them fine embroideries and the yard of crimping's off my mind now, and if you'll take a chair I'll talk and rest a bit.

You'll hardly believe me, seeing what a heap Miss Sanderson thinks of me now, that it is only little over a year since I first knew her, but it is just so. It all came about through Jim. Jim's my only son, ma'am, and he's been better'n two year a tow boy on the horse cars.

You don't know what a tow boy is? Well, ma'am, it's the boy that has charge of an extra horse to pull the cars up hill. From 5 in the morning till 3 in the afternoon Jim's going uphill with a car or down hill to meet one. He's a good, steady boy, and his wages are a great help, seeing I am not strong enough for heavy washing, and fine ain't always to be had.

Well, ma'am, about fifteen months back, Jim, not being well used to the horses as he is now, fell off and broke his arm. He came home, and the pain threw him into a fever, and he was very bad for quite a long spell. It was when he was lying very sick that one day I heard a knock, and opened the door for the prettiest young lady my eyes ever saw. She was about eighteen, as white as one of my fine linen collars, newly ironed, with the prettiest touch of pink in her cheeks, and her eyes were as blue as the China cup you see on the shelf yonder, and her hair as fine and yellow as corn silk. She was dressed plain, but everything she wore was of the finest quality, and fitted as if it had grown upon her slender little figure.

"Are you Mrs. McArdle?" she asked me.

"Yes, Miss," I said, hoping that it was fine washing she wanted done.

"I have heard, today," she said, "that my best scholar in Sunday school had met with an accident. You are James McArdle's mother, are you not?"

"Yes, Miss," I said. "Will you walk in" and thank you kindly for calling."

She came in and I told her all about poor Jim, and she gave me a basket she had for him with some fruit and flowers all fixed in it like a picture. Not as if it was charity, you see, for we've never come to that, ma'am, though I'm not saying we haven't been pretty hard pushed sometimes. But, as I was saying, the basket was as pretty and delicate as if it was for a fine lady, instead of a little towboy that had got hurt earning his day's wages.

After that she came often and often, bringing Jim books and little tempting things to eat, and sitting to talk with him, and always as merry as a child, though she was a lady, every inch of her.

Then, when Jim was getting better, and the care of him a little off my hands, she asked me to do up her fine things and her papa's shirts, as if it was a favor I was doing her, telling me how particular she was, and the trouble it was to her to get suited in fine washing.

Well, ma'am, not to make too long a story, after Jim got well, I went to the house twice a week to get the washing and take it back, and I always saw Miss Emma. It was a grand house, with parlors like a hotel, and wide staircases and great bed-rooms splendidly furnished. And Miss Emma had no mother, but was the mistress of it all.

I was all taken back the first time I saw her pa, for he looked as rough as she was gentle, and looked more like a laboring man than a fine gentleman, for all his fine clothes, but he was very prompt to pay, and always had a pleasant word for me about the beautiful ironing of his shirts and cuffs. And, though I say it as I shouldn't, you might go a long way to find prettier linen than I took up every week to Mr. Sanderson's. But after a bit I noticed that Miss Emma was losing her pretty smile and merry words, and was pale and often red-eyed, as if she had been crying.

"Jim, who was seeing her, you mind, every Sunday, he told me he noticed it, too. We, though we knew our place too well to say a word, were very sorry, for there was a trouble somewhere we were very sure.

One night, Jim, while he was eating his supper, heaves a great sigh, and says he to me:

"I think I know what ails our Miss Emma, mother," says he.

"What makes you think so?" says I.

Jim's a master hand, ma'am, to read, and he gets the papers often that's left in the cars, and reads the stories, or maybe he wouldn't a noticed what he did.

"Why, mother," says he, "there was a gentleman used to come with Miss Emma to church. I've seen him often an' often, but he never comes to the Sunday school, only to church. He wore diamond studs and shiny boots and a silk hat—a regular swell; and she used to look as pleased as a baby with a toy when he was with her. Well, he hasn't been to church for more'n a month, and I'm thinking he has lost his money and her pa's sent him off."

I pooh-poohed that and told Jim he was silly, and didn't know what he was talking about. But he says:

"You didn't hear me out, mother. Today there was a new conductor on 32, and it was Miss Emma's beau—Mr. Thatcher."

Well, I did stare, and was sure Jim was mistaken, but he said he'd know Mr. Thatcher anywhere, and he was sure that was him. We talked about it a long time, but you see there was nothing we could do, and I thought Jim was right, after all, and maybe Miss Emma's pa had sent the poor fellow off, when he lost his money.

It was, maybe, two weeks after that, or three, that one day Mr. Sanderson came to the house, all in a flutter. Miss Emma was sick with typhoid fever, and they wanted a nurse, and she wanted that nurse to be me. Dear, dear, but I was flustered; but I sent Jim to his Aunt Jane's to board and shut up the rooms, and went off to the grand house.

Poor Miss Emma! We nearly lost her, though her pa had the best doctors, and I nursed her faithfully. She took the fever visiting one of her other Sunday school scholars, and she was not very strong any time, so she took it very hard. One day, when she was very bad, I heard her ask her father:

"Papa, where is Harry?"

"I don't know," he said.

Then he began to tell her something in a very low voice, and I went downstairs to make lemonade, not to hear what wasn't meant for me. The poor young lady was very sad all that day, and I mistrusted she cried, when no one was watching her.

It was none of my business to interfere, but I fretted more'n a little about what Jim had told me, and wondering if Mr. Thatcher was Harry. I couldn't ask Jim, because I would not let him come near me for fear of the fever. Miss Emma was so weak, too, I didn't dare for her life say anything to excite her, and so I held my tongue till the fever took a turn and she began to get better.

It was uphill work then with us, for she was weak as a baby, and didn't seem to care to get well. She had to be coaxed to eat or to try her strength, and was willing to lie quiet all day, which ain't natural in young folks after long sickness. Most times they are in too great a hurry, and throw themselves back again.

The doctor said she wanted rousing. So one day, after she had her bit of toast and a little bird nicely browned, with the best cup of chocolate I could make, I coaxed her to sit up a bit in a great arm-chair. When I had her all comfortable I said:

"Miss Emma, I've been wanting to tell you something for a long time, but I was afraid you'd think I was stepping out of my place."

"I should never think anything unkind of my dear, good nurse," says she, and slipped her little, thin hand in mine so loving it made the tears come in my eyes.

"Well, Miss," I said, "if you won't think it impertinence, I'll tell you. Jim told me that he saw Mr. Thatcher in the cars a bit before you was taken sick, and—well, Miss, don't feel too bad about it—he was a conductor."

I was afraid she'd faint, ma'am, and cry. I was never so took aback in all my life as I was at the way she acted. She sat right up in her chair and clapped her hands together and just laughed like a child. All the merry light that was gone so long from her eyes came back.

"Oh, you dear, darling nurse," she said to me. "I could just kiss you, and I will!"

And she did!

"How did he look?" she asked me.

"Jim said he looked very grave, and as if he had some care on his mind," I told her, "and he had none of his fine clothes on, but a gray suit and a slouch hat."

She laughed again at this.

"And did he take the fares, just like any other conductor, and ring the bell?"

The idea of that tickled her so much that she had to laugh again. I suppose I looked as astonished as I was, for pretty soon she said:

"Now, for your good news, you shall know all about it. I suppose you guessed," and she got rosy red, "that Harry and I were lovers!"

"Jim suspicioned it," I said.

"Jim has sharp eyes! Now you must know first, dear nurse, that my father, though he is a very rich man now, was as poor a boy as Jim is, and he made all his money by hard work. So he has a great contempt for young men who do nothing. He thinks every man in this country, rich or poor, should have some honest work to do, and do it. Money is often lost, you know, nurse, and if a man is too fine to work he may starve."

"Indeed, that's so," I said.

"Harry, Mr. Thatcher—nurse, had a large fortune left him by his father when he was a boy, and he never did a days' work of any kind in his life. I did not know why he stopped coming to see me, and—well, I will tell you—I felt ashamed and sorry, for I thought he did not care for me as I had thought, while I did love him. Of course, nurse, nobody knew that, and nobody ever should know it, only that you have told me such good news to-day. When I was so very sick I asked father where Harry was, for I knew he saw him the very last time he was here. Then he told me that Harry came that day to ask if he might marry me if I loved him. He told papa that he was rich, and we know that he is an honorable, good man. Then papa told him that he would never give me to an idle man.

"When you can show me three months' honestly earned wages, from your own work, I will let you court my child!'

"That was what papa said to him. He thought he was angry, for he turned on his heel and went out of the house without any answer. But he is earning his wages to show papa!"

She was as happy as a bird after that; getting well so fast that the doctor wondered, and so did her father, for we kept our secret, and Mr. Sanderson never guessed what made Miss Emma so merry.

When Jim could come without any danger from the fever, Miss Emma sent for him, and then she made him tell her how the new conductor looked, and all about him.

"Is it real hard work, Jim?" she asked.

"It is, indeed, miss; early and late, and in all weathers. But Mr. Thatcher stands it first rate, though he is burnt some!"

Then Miss Emma made Jim remember the very day Mr. Thatcher went on the cars first, and noted down the day on a card. She would not let me go for several weeks, and paying me big wages all the time, as if it was just hard nursing like the first.

So I was still there when the three months were over, and if I hadn't known I should have guessed there was something Miss Emma expected that day.

She dressed herself in a new white organdie as fine as a hair, with a little blue sprig all over it, and she put on a blue ribbon under her lace collar and in her hair. She couldn't settle down to read or sew, but just fidgeted about all the morning.

"I know Harry will come to-day," she whispered to me.

And sure enough, he did come. Miss Emma was in the large parlors and I was fussing about there, too, knowing all the time she was keeping me there just for company. Mr. Sanderson's private sitting room is off the parlors, and we heard somebody go the whole length of the hall and knock at his door. Miss Emma took hold of me, all rosy and trembling, and then we heard a man's voice say:

"There, Mr. Sanderson, are three months' wages, honestly earned by hard work. And here is a letter from my employers recommending me for sobriety, industry and honesty."

"Well, done!" we heard Mr. Sanderson say. "You will find Emma in the parlor."

I went out one door just as Harry Thatcher came in at another, diamond studs, shiny boots and all.

Well, ma'am, that is all there is to tell, except that the wedding is to-morrow, and I am to go up all day and help the housekeeper. Every bit of fine linen and embroidery I have done up myself, and it would do your heart good to see the piles of it, fluted and crimped fit for a queen.

Jim, he's got a holiday, too, to go to the church, and the Sunday school class have ordered a beautiful basket of flowers that Jim is to present to the bride.

And I hope you'll excuse me now, ma'am, as I've told you the whole story, and there's cuffs and collars to do up for Jim, and a power of odds and ends I must attend to for Miss Emma's wedding day to-morrow.—[N. Y. Ledger.

SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.

Things Unconsciously Bright That the Little Ones Think.

It was bedtime and Willie was leaving the nursery.

"Come and kiss me good night."

"Yes, dearest."

"Have you all the beautiful story books you want?"

"Yes, dearest."

"Are you happy?"

"Yes, dearest."

"And what makes Willie happy?"

"Well, you see, I've torn the seat out of my red velvet trousers, and the goat has eaten my sash, and Jakey Ogleheimer has thrown mud all over my fancy waist, and, altogether, dearest, I've got a pretty doggoned good right to feel comfortable."

Angels Not on Hand.

Little Viola—Mamma, won't 'oo tum up an' sit wid me till I dit asleep? Mamma—Mamma's busy, darling, and can't come now. Run back to bed, my pet, the angels are with you. Viola—Dat's wat 'oo said before, mamma, but de angels didn't show up an' I's lonesome.

Told the Strict Truth.

When Willie got down on his knees the other night to say his prayers, for some reason or other he would not repeat, "Now I lay me." "Come, Willie," said mamma, "say 'Now I lay me.'" "No, mamma," returned the little one, "I can't tell a lie. I'll say 'Now I kneel me.'"

Fastened at the End.

Doctor to Gilbert (aged 4)—Put your tongue out, dear.

Sick little Gilbert feebly protruded the tip of his tongue.

Doctor—No, no; put it right out.

The little fellow shook his head weakly, and the tears gathered in his eyes.

"I can't, doctor; it's fastened on to me."—[London Tid-Bits.

A Proud Little Boy.

Oh, proud is the soldier who rides along
In a uniform bright and new;
And proud is the peacock which spreads its tail
Of green and gold and blue;
But the proudest boy I ever saw
Is a tiny boy I know,
Who, strange to say, is proud of this—
His very tiniest toe!

"Yes, it hurts quite bad," said little George,
As he drew his features down;
"Sometimes I have to limp quite hard
As I go about the town;
But there isn't a single boy I know—"
His nose went up in scorn—
"And I know a lot who is bigger than me—
Who has got so big a corn."

—[Kate Upson Clark.

New Beatitudes.

Sunday School Teacher—Charlie, have you a verse for me to-day? Charlie (5 years old)—Blessed are the dressmakers. Teacher (mildly)—You haven't it quite; try it again. Charlie—Blessed are the tape measures. (It was plain to be seen what had been going on in Charlie's home that week.)—[Harper's Young People.

They Swore.

A friend of mine has two little sons, aged respectively 3 and 5 years. They have been most carefully trained and especially warned and guarded against profanity. But one day the little fellows arose feeling irresistibly impelled to do something naughty, and, the nursery door being open, we overheard the following:

"Let's swear," proposed John, the elder.

"Well, Ieth," lisped wee Charlie.

"Go ahead," said John encouragingly.

"You thwear firth," replied Charlie.

A moment's hesitation and John responded, emphatically.

"I swear!"

"Tho do I," asserted Charlie, solemnly.

And that evening before saying their prayers the litle sinners penitently confessed that they "has sweared" in the morning.

Familiar With the Subject.

A teacher was telling her little boys about temptation and showing how it sometimes came in the most attractive attire. She used as an illustration the paw of a cat.

"Now," said she, "you have all seen the paw of a cat. It is as soft as velvet, isn't it?"

"Yessem," from the class.

"And you have seen the paw of a dog?"

"Yessem."

"Well, although the cat's paw seems like velvet, there is, nevertheless, concealed in it something that hurts. What is it?"

No answer.

"The dog bites," said the teacher, "when he is angry, but what does the cat do?"

"Scratches," replied the boy.

"Correct," said the teacher, nodding her head approvingly. "Now what has the cat got that the dog hasn't?"

"Whiskers," said a boy on a back seat, and the titter that ran around the class brought the lesson to an end.—[The Young Catholic.

An Innocent Caress After All.

"While I was passing the New Haven House late yesterday afternoon," said a gentleman last evening, "I saw something which surprised me very much. In front of the College street entrance stood a coupe, the driver of which, clad in oilskins, stood close to the door, the sash of which was down. He apparently was fondling the hand of a lady seated in the carriage and wearing a terra cotta glove, which was very small and appeared at the end of a black dress sleeve. The driver's affectionate conduct seemed to be received with pleasure and to be returned. A step or two more brought me close to the cab, and then I discovered that what I had thought was a terra cotta glove was the tan nose of a Gordon setter."—[New-Haven Palladium.

Four Little Ones.

Binghamton *Republican:* The dirt shoveler makes a queer choice of a profession, considering that he has his pick.

Berkshire *News:* A horse has the advantage over a man in one thing. He's worth more after he's broke than he was before.

Yonkers *Statesman:* An artist has just sold a landscape for $24,000. It seems that an artist's views are getting to be worth as much as those of a lawyer.

Milwaukee *Journal:* The easiest way to a woman's heart is through her ear, while the feelings of a man are most approachable in a direct line down his throat.

Security Guaranteed.

"I have a great money-making scheme."

"What is it?"

"A refuge for hiding criminals."

"What kind of a cover will you go under?"

"I'll start a store, you know."

"Yes."

"And never advertise."—[Chicago Times.

A TRIP WITH AN AERONAUT.

It was a glorious July afternoon, a cool breeze tempering an otherwise oppressive heat. Favored by the beauty of the day, hundreds of oalookers had assembled within the High Park grounds to witness what to them was an amazing sight—a balloon ascent.

Gala-day in the little town of N—— had always been regarded as the most festive of holidays, but this year it was rendered more than usually attractive by the announcement of the balloon ascent. Prof. C——, a then celebrated aeronaut, had been engaged for the occasion, and after much persuasion he had kindly consented to my accompanying him on his aerial passage.

For days past I had been eagerly looking forward to the event, and it was with not a little trepidation that I entered the enclosed area where, roped down like some gigantic monster, swayed the enormous balloon in which we were about to ascend. Well do I recollect the pride I took in assisting with the preparatory arrangements, and around the ropes were hundreds of inquisitive faces—men, women and children, all arrayed in their gala-day finery, and each one desirous of witnessing our preliminaries. I had many friends present to whom I graciously explained (although, truth to tell, my own knowledge was but limited) the manner of our preparations. They in turn gave me some interesting accounts of the sad accidents they had heard and read about in connection with ballooning, and endeavored to impress upon me the folly of my undertaking. Despite, however, their discouraging remarks, punctual to our appointed hour we stepped into the car, and amid the cheers of all assembled, commenced our voyage.

For a few moments a slight dizziness overcame me, but it soon wore off, and an invigorating sensation succeeded. While the Professor busied himself with the sandbags and other necessary paraphernalia of an aerostat, I was occupied in observing the ever-changing landscape and watching the various landmarks till they faded from view.

After amusing myself in this manner for a considerable time, I at length grew tired, and turned towards my companion, who was still employed with his instruments, and who save for a few casual remarks had been somewhat reticent since we bade adieu to Mother Earth. Now, however, he opened out, and proved himself to be an accomplished conversationalist. The professor was middle-aged, somewhat below the average height, but physically a strong man; while the determined expression of his dark eyes and set face was indicative of undaunted courage and a resolute will.

Naturally, I had many questions to ask relative to the manipulation of the balloon, all of which he good humoredly answered. Then he proceeded to relate several anecdotes and tales of adventures which had befallen him in his aeronautic career. Once he had landed in a field and narrowly escaped being gored by a bull; on another occasion he unexpectedly introduced himself to a bishop's select garden party; and again he had had the misfortune to alight on a railway, fortunately missing a passing train. From one tale he ran on to another, while heedless to our precipitous position, I sat a delighted and attentive listener. Suddenly, however, he sprang up, and a look of fear overspread his face.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "if we do not immediately descend, we shall be in a worse plight than on the railway."

His looks and words alarmed me. Glancing over the side of the car I at once understood their meaning, and comprehended the peril of our situation. Almost directly beneath us lay the open sea, towards which we were drifting at an increasing rate. Whilst so deeply interested in his thrilling yarns, we had not noticed a gradually freshening breeze which had risen and was rapidly carrying us away from land.

The professor at once took measures for our descent, but the futility of his attempts was plainly evident. We were still some 3,000 feet up, and the balloon was falling, though slowly.

I anxiously looked toward the sea in hopes of sighting some passing vessel, but not a boat of any description was visible. What was to be done? Nothing, apparently, and with this reflection I continued to gaze down at the sea, over which we had now drifted. How I cursed myself for having ventured on such a trip, and how I longed to be again with the festive party we had so recently left, and who would now be at the height of their enjoyment! What a blow it would be for the old people at home when they learned our fate! Then my thoughts reverted from one dear friend to another, and I pictured the winsome face of one who had implored me with tears in her eyes not to hazard my life on such a venture. Never shall I see her with whom, save for my arrant folly, I could now have been so happy. What a brute I had been not to have thought of her rather than the fame to be gained from such a freak! With such thoughts my brain became almost frenzied.

"Can you swim?" abruptly broke in the professor.

"Not a stroke," I despondingly answered, comprehending the drift of his question.

"Then there is no hope for us. As soon as the car reaches the sea, we shall both be swamped. But stay," he suddenly exclaimed, as if struck with an idea, "not both of us! If one leaves the car, the chances are the balloon will again ascend."

As a drowning man grasps at the proverbial straw, so I desperately caught at the last hope held out to us. But which of us was to leave the car? The professor soon decided the question.

"We shall spin for it," he coolly remarked, "and let the fates decide. Heads you drop, tails I. Do you agree?"

I could only nod my assent. Up spun the coin, then it fell at my feet.

Heads!

My fate was decided. I must throw myself overboard. Again I pictured Mabel's sweet face, and, although not entirely destitute of courage, my manhood almost deserted me. But, no; my partner had fairly won the toss, and my life must pay the forfeit.

Hastily giving the professor a final message for those at home, I sprang to the edge of the car, and with a prayer upon my lips I closed my eyes and dropped.

* * * * * * *

When next I opened them, all around me was darkness, and, behold! "'Twas but a dream." A. C. C.

Worth $10,000.

Two friends meet after a separation of ten years.

"How are you doing, old man?" asks one.

"Middling."

"Rich, I suppose?"

"Not worth a cent."

"Married?"

"No. How are you doing?"

"Middling."

"Rich, I suppose?"

"Well, they say every child a man has is worth $2,000 to him."

"Yes."

"I'm worth $10,000; I've got five children."—[Buffalo Courier.

Tatty.

Servant Girl—Why don't you come around to the back door instead of ringing the front door bell?

Tramp—Because I am sure one of the kitchen ladies is sure to answer the bell, while I might find the missus in the kitchen, and she would set the dog on me likely. The kitchen ladies don't do that. They give poor fellows like me a bite of suthin' to eat instead of the bite of a dog.

He was befriended.—[Boston Courier.

A Female Doctor in a Hurry.

Excited messenger—"Mrs. Sawbones, come quick!" A man has fallen from the roof of his house and is bleeding to death."

"All right. I'll be there as soon as I've got on my new dress and have done up my hair. Let me see; hadn't I better wear my dark-blue dress, or that light violet-colored one? The blue dress is more becoming to my complexion, but the other is so stylish."—[Texas Siftings.

Our Serial Story.

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A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY

Thomas W. Knox

AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND THROUGH ASIA," "THE YOUNG NIMRODS," "THE BOY TRAVELERS" (IN TEN VOLUMES), "CAMP-FIRE AND COTTON FIELD," "UNDER GROUND," "DECISIVE BATTLES SINCE WATERLOO," "JOHN," "HOW TO TRAVEL," "MARCO POLO FOR BOYS AND GIRLS," ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE GOLDEN HORN AND BUYUKDERE.

SOON as he was settled at the hotel, Dick secured a guide and went to the Galata quarter of Constantinople, to call upon a merchant to whom he had letters concerning the business affairs of Varney & Co. He was received with the greatest courtesy and invited to go the next day to the merchant's residence at Buyukdere, on the Bosphorus. He accepted the invitation and suggested that he desired to return to the city by one of the evening steamers, as he did not wish to leave his friends at the hotel. This was a polite way of saying that he did not wish to place himself under obligations for too much hospitality, but he found that he must remain over night, as the steamers did not run after sunset.

On returning from the visit to Galata he ascended the old Genoese tower, which overlooks a considerable portion of Constantinople and affords an admirable view. It was originally built for purposes of defence, but is now a fire tower, the police having a force there constantly to look out for fires. The city has been ravaged repeatedly by fires, some of them having done an immense deal of damage. In June, 1870, three thousand houses in the Pera quarter were destroyed by fire, many of them being fine buildings of stone, and about 1,000 perished in the flames; in 1865 there was a fire that destroyed 5,000 houses. At the towers signals are given by means of flags, which indicate the quarter where a fire has broken out; in the night, colored lanterns take the place of the flags, and a further signal is given by means of a cannon on the other side of the Bosphorus.

Of late years the foreign residents of the Pera and Galata quarters of Constantinople have secured a fairly efficient fire service, but in former times the wonder was that a conflagration was ever put out. The engines were small boxes carried on the shoulders of four men; the firemen received no pay from the government, but had certain special privileges in consideration of remaining on duty. When the fire was announced, and they reached its vicinity, they sat down and waited to be hired by the owners of houses that were in danger; those already on fire were allowed to burn, as it was considered useless to try to save them, and besides it was decreed by Divine Providence that they should be destroyed. The Moslem is a fatalist; he believes that what is to be will be; that pretty nearly everything is fore-ordained; and that it is of little use to struggle against what has already been decreed. The principal work of the firemen at a conflagration is to tear down houses outside the line of fire, and in this way prevent it from spreading; and as there is often a considerable amount of competition for their services, they manage to be pretty well paid in a serious disaster of this sort.

Dick was fascinated with the view from the Galata tower, which included the whole of Constantinople, the Golden Horn, Scutari and much of the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, together with portions of the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora as far as the Isles of the Princes. Never before had his eyes rested on such a curious collection of mosques, and domes, and roofs, and he wished that the day were just beginning rather than near its end. He reviewed whole pages of history and remembered that here was the ancient Byzantium, which afterwards became the city of Constantine, the first of the Roman emperors to favor and protect Christianity, and lead to its adoption as the religion of the then crumbling empire. He brought to mind the wars that had been fought for the possession of this opulent city, remembered that the tower where he stood was built by the Genoese for military purposes at the time they held possession of Galata and with the aid of his guide he traced the lines of the ancient Genoese wall, of which portions still remain. He looked on the waters of the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus, stippled with sails, seamed with the tracks of swiftly moving steamers, and dotted with thousands of caiques and other small crafts, and he noted the bridges which unite Galata with the ancient city of Stamboul.

He lingered in the tower till the sun went down, and then descended and sought the street. But his descent was not without adventure, as he fell into the hands of the custodians whose appetites for backsheesh it seemed impossible to appease. At one time it looked as though he would be obliged to call for the police to protect him from forcible robbery. The Turk can well vie in rapacity with the keepers of the show places at Niagara and other points on the American continent in taking financial advantage of the visiting stranger.

At the hotel in the evening Dick met again his English friend and reminded him of the promised story relative to the dogs of Constantinople.

"I hadn't forgotten it," Mr. Ward replied, "and have kept it ready for the first opportunity. Now you shall have it."

"I told you that the dogs have the city divided into districts, and are very jealous about preserving their home rule. They show a good deal of reasoning power and sometimes plan raids upon each other in which there is a display of strategy worthy of a general in command of an army.

"The last time I was here I saw a raid of this kind, in which a pack of dogs were induced to leave their territory and cross the boundary line; immediately on crossing it they were set upon by a more numerous pack of picked dogs from the invaded soil and most outrageously thrashed. They were decoyed over by a single dog, who sneaked beyond his own dominions after his supporting comrades had concealed themselves behind a shield of walls and barrels. It was exactly as though an army should lie in ambush a few miles from where a hostile army was encamped and then by sending out a scouting party invite pursuit; the scouting party flees and leads the way directly to the ambush, and when within the toils the pursuers are taken at a great disadvantage.

"Watch a group of these dogs turning over a garbage heap in search of edible things. Nothing comes amiss; they usually pursue their search in peace and do not try to steal from each other by force, though they will do so by strategy. But let a strange dog come upon the scene, and the entire pack will fall upon him at once.

"As I before told you the Turks treat them cruelly and the only kindness they receive is from the Christians, and not very much of that. They acknowledge no masters, are houseless and homeless, in every sense of the word, and if ever dogs had reason to feel bitterly towards the whole human race these dogs would be well justified. There is nothing to develope their kindly feelings, and yet they show a keen appreciation of friendly acts."

Mr. Ward paused and gave Dick the opportunity to narrate an incident of the afternoon.

"When I was coming back from Galata," said he, "two dogs came up to my side, swagged their tails and looked pleadingly at me. I read in their faces 'please give me something to eat,' and so I stopped at a cook shop and fed them."

"Those dogs will remember you, and the next time you go on the street you may be sure of a friendly welcome from them. Perhaps their welcome will not be altogether disinterested, as they will be on the lookout for more food. But here's where their good offices and gratitude may come in.

"The last time I was here I had business that detained me some weeks and it was frequently late at night when I came back to the hotel. There were two large dogs that I often fed on the streets and they came to know me; very often at night when I was coming home these dogs would trot along by my side, although they knew perhaps when shut up and there was no likelihood that I would feed them at that late hour.

"There is a considerable gang of robbers in Constantinople and the streets are not safe at night, at least in certain quarters. One night I was attacked by two foot-pads who rushed out from an alley and seized me without a sound of warning; they threw me to the ground and were beginning to rifle my pockets when suddenly there was a diversion in my favor. A dog was clutching each of the robbers and making matters so warm for them that all attention was turned from me to the animals. I got to my feet, staid just long enough to see that the dogs were the two that I had repeatedly fed, and then made my way to the hotel as fast as I could. What became of the robbers I don't know, but the dogs were all right as I saw them the next day when I went out, and you may be sure they were well fed as long as I staid in the city. I wouldn't wonder if they were the very dogs that you fed to-day."

The next morning the gentlemen took a stroll together and sure enough the prediction of Mr. Ward proved correct. The dogs were the identical ones that he had befriended and that returned his kindness by rescuing him from the hands of the robbers. Dick's heart went out to them at once and during his stay in the city he fed the animals every day and sometimes two or three times in the day; at night they constituted themselves his guardians and if he happened to be coming home after dark they accompanied him to the door of the hotel or to the boundary of their district.

What with business and sight-seeing and entertainments of various kinds Dick found his time fully occupied. The mosques and other public edifices of Constantinople are numerous and interesting; he could not visit all of them but managed to go through the principal ones, spending several hours in the bazaars, which of all the East, appeared to be exhibited for sale together with all the diamonds from the famous mines of the whole globe; saw the cisterns which supplied the city with water many centuries ago, but have long since been abandoned for a modern system; walked through the gardens of the Seraglio palace, where tradition says it was the custom for the Sultan to bowstring his wives and then throw them into the sea; saw the whirling and howling dervishes; ascended the Golden Horn to the "Sweet Waters of Europe," and covered in fact the customary round of the strangers in the capital of Turkey. Here is a part of the letter that he wrote describing what he had seen in Constantinople:

* * * * * * *

"The most interesting of all the mosques, and at the same time the one best known, is that of Saint Sophia, as it is erroneously called. I say erroneously because I have learned, since coming here, that it was not consecrated to Saint Sophia, but in honor of Divine Wisdom (Aya Sofia). Constantine thus dedicated it in the fourth century, and when the Turks came a thousand years later they turned the church into a mosque but preserved its name, which you may be sure they wouldn't have done if it had been in honor of any Christian saint, and especially a woman. Women in Moslem countries occupy a very inferior position, though it is considerably better in the last fifty years than it was a century or two ago. A Moslem would as soon think of taking his horse to a place of amusement as of taking his wife or one of his wives, and his treatment of her is such as would lead to the rebellion of women in America or England. When the Turkish women go on the street they are closely veiled and are nearly all dressed alike. Foreign fashions are slowly getting a foothold in Turkey, and I have seen a fair number of Turkish women wearing French dresses and boots, though they still adhere to the yashmak, or veil, which covers the face.

"But to return to the mosque. The Turks have tried to eradicate all marks of Christianity about it, but have not altogether succeeded; in several places we saw mosaic crosses high up in the panels near the dome, and there were mosaic figures of angels and cherubim covered with cloth in such a way that the forms could be made out with ease. The Moslem religion forbids the making of any graven image, and for this reason you find nothing but scroll work and passages from their Bible, the Koran, in Moslem ornamentation. There are no figures of birds, beasts or men in a Moslem structure, and hence their architects and decorators are greatly restricted in their efforts for the beautiful. The idea is that if a man makes any representation of a living thing he will be confronted with it on the day of Judgment and required to put life into it; if he fails he will be condemned to centuries of punishment.

"The real fact is, so I am told, Mohammed made this restriction upon his converts through fear that after his death some of them might relapse into the idolatry out of which he had brought them. In the same way the prohibition of the use of wine came from the circumstance that some of his followers became grossly intoxicated and lost a battle in consequence, and his revelation from Heaven that it was the duty of a true believer to slay the infidel was caused by a desire on his part to get rid of two infidel chiefs who were making a great deal of trouble for him. As soon as he received this revelation he sent emissaries to put them out of the way. They don't slay the infidel as much as they used to, at least not in Turkey, but it isn't such a very long time since a Christian who ventured to step inside the door of a mosque would have been set upon and killed. Even to-day no Christian can ventured to Mecca except under penalty of death if he should be discovered, and the half dozen Europeans, Burkhardt, Burton, Maltzan, Palgrave and others, who have visited the sacred city did so at the peril of their lives.

"On Friday, which is the Moslem Sunday, the Sultan goes to mosque to say his prayers and this is one of the sights that the stranger shouldn't miss. You may be sure I went to see him and was early at a place where I could get a good view of the procession."

CHAPTER XLVI.

FROM TURKEY TO INDIA.

"YOU can never know much in advance," continued Dick in his letter, "what mosque the Sultan is going to; he is so fearful of being assassinated that it is not considered wise to select it until the morning of each Friday, lest the conspirators should lay their plans to kill him on the way. He never goes back by the same route he takes in coming to the mosque, partly for the same reason and partly because it is an old custom.

"The route was lined with soldiers, who formed a double hedge all the way, and would not allow anybody to pass the line after the procession started. I found a place on a pile of building material and paid something for the privilege of standing there, though I suspect that the fellow to whom I paid it hadn't the slightest right to the money. He was probably a street idler who saw a chance to turn a penny by swindling me.

"The Turkish soldiers wear jackets and baggy breeches like the zouave regiments in the United States, and their heads are covered with the fez, or red cap with a tassel. They are very good looking soldiers, and are said to be excellent fighting material when properly led; they haven't had so good leadership in recent times as three hundred years ago when they penetrated to Central Europe and laid siege to Vienna.

"About noon the firing of cannon signalled that the Sultan was on his way to prayers, and there was a grand straightening of the lines of troops. After a while came a guard of mounted men, then the Sultan on horseback looking very dignified and solemn, then a lot of high dignitaries, some of them with guards and some without, and then some carriages containing the sultanas, who were so closely veiled and shut up in the carriages that I couldn't get the faintest glimpse of their faces.

"The procession went by at a pace something like that of a funeral, and then the greater portion of the troops were marched off to the barracks. When the service was over he went back to the palace by water; his magnificent caique, a hundred feet long, decorated in white and gold, and propelled by twenty-six powerful rowers, leading the procession, while his wives and dignitaries followed in the other boats. In some respects the sight was prettier than the land procession, and I was very glad to see them both.

"The merchant with whom I am transacting business took me to his house at Buyukdere, which lies twelve or fifteen miles up the Bosphorus on the way to the Black Sea. The Bosphorus is a strait about twenty miles long, connecting the Black Sea with the Sea of Marmora, and separating Europe from Asia. It is supposed

DRUNKEST CITY ON EARTH.

SCHIEDAM, THE HELL OF HOLLAND

Men, Women and Children Seldom or Never Draw a Sober Breath —Terrible Results of Gin Guzzling.

Ernest DeLancy Pierson writing to the New York *Morning Journal*, says that a muddy canal lined with bulky boats with tattered sails and painted in the most glaring colors, red and blue and orange, a group of windmills, poised like strange birds above the red-tiled roofs of the town, a blot of black smoke dimming the sky above—are the first impressions a stranger receives of the great gin-producing centre of the world—Schiedam.

Viewed at a distance the battered, dirty houses, with grotesque gables and crooked doorways that line the zigzag streets, are not without picturesque interest to the traveller and artist, but the Dutch themselves, for all their fondness for the product

YOUNG DUTCH SMOKERS.

of its distilleries, have dubbed Schiedam "the hell of Holland," and its natives "Dutch devils."

These uncomplimentary appellations have been justly earned by the inhabitants of this dingy town, who spend their own miserable lives in manufacturing liquid misery for all parts of the globe, and the degrading effect of gin on the human system is illustrated here in all its phases.

A visit to Schiedam is more effective and convincing than all the temperance lectures one could listen to in a lifetime, and it would be a good move on the part of the American champions of total abstinence were they to import a family of "Dutch devils" as horrible examples to lend a realism to their discourses.

From the cradle to the grave the "Dutch devil" hardly ever draws a sober breath. He imbibes gin with his mother's milk, and is apparently born with an inherited thirst for the pellucid fluid that killed his forefathers, and will some day kill him.

As soon as he can walk he begins to smoke cigars, and it is not infrequent in the streets of Schiedam to see children of five or six years of age sucking contentedly on huge cigars as they play about the gutters. I have seen a group of little girls singing in a circle on the highway, and each miss had a small bottle of beer or gin in her hand which she furtively sipped at intervals with evident relish.

Beer is rather a luxury here, however, because it costs 2 cents a glass, and is too weak to promote hilarity, while a large bottle of gin can be purchased, containing several amiable drinks, for a little more than 18 cents.

When the Schiedam boy has become properly pickled in gin, he goes to work in the distilleries where his favorite beverage is produced. There are at present 220 manufactories of this popular intoxicant, and the workmen are allowed by their employers forty drinks a day. An attempt was made to curtail this allowance, but the men rebelled, and refused to work without this daily stimulus, and ever since their demand has been gratified. A drink of gin there means about as much as could be contained in the average champagne glass, so you can imagine the amount such a workman consumes daily in these two hundred odd distilleries.

As Schiedam gin is almost pure alcohol, it is no wonder that the town is so filled with horrible specimens of humanity, ghostly creatures that hobble about the winding streets, shivering as with a palsy or waving their shrunken arms and uttering hoarse cries like wounded animals.

The forty drinks a day form only a part of the liquor consumed by the "Dutch devil," that is merely his allowance which he takes regularly as he does his meals. After work is over, he spends his evenings in further soaking his system in alcohol, often assisted in the performance by his wife and the entire family. The accumulation of liquor during the day, however, soon begins to take effect and he falls asleep in the roadside, in the gutter and sometimes in the canal, just where he happens to be at the time.

Frequently he does not wake up from his comatose state, and thus gives his family another excuse to resort to the brown stone bottle to drown their sorrow.

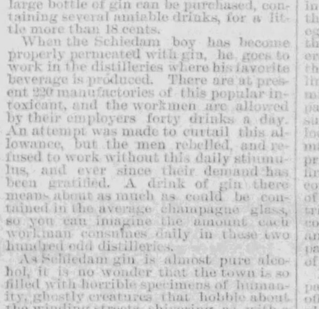
It might be thought that, working continually in the sickening atmosphere of a gin distillery, the laborers would acquire a disgust for this unsavory fluid, but on the contrary their thirst becomes insatiable from the moment they enter the employ of a gin mill. And it is a thirst that no other liquor seems to quench, each drink creating a desire for another until the unfortunate is willing to sell the clothes on his back to keep up the supply.

The effect of Geneva or Schiedam on the system differs from any other liquor. Even the vodka of Russia, that fiery fluid that corrodes the throat like sulphuric acid, is not as rapid in rousing the devil in a man or woman.

A confirmed Holland gin drunkard, up to a certain point, does not stagger at all. He is quiet, and will talk to you rationally, though his very blood is alcohol. Then suddenly he will be taken with a frenzy and rave and scream and fight with any one who falls in his way. In a few moments he is all quiet again and subdued, his brain apparently clear, and he goes about his business as if nothing had happened. All this time he has not staggered, nor given any signs of intoxication except this momentary fit of madness.

I had an illustration of this one morning while sipping some cabbage soup in a tiny tavern. The proprietor was a little man with mild eyes and a soft voice, who entertained me very intelligently with a description of the town and its inhabitants. There was nothing in his voice or manner to lead one to suppose that he had been drinking.

In the midst of our talk the landlord's daughter, a round and rosy Dutch girl, entered the room to wait on a new arrival. Suddenly the little man left me and with a



THE LANDLORD SLAPS HIS DAUGHTER.

scream flung himself upon his daughter, striking her with both fists. She turned to remonstrate, when, still screaming, he opened the door and flung her into the street.

The wife next appeared, and she was struck in the face and flung out in the same manner. The frenzy seemed to give the little linkeeper a wonderful strength, for when a burly friend of his interfered he was flung headlong through the doorway after the women.

He looked at me as if hesitating whether to treat me in the same manner, but evidently changed his mind. I was particularly interested just then in studying a cobweb on the wall and kept very still.

Finding the room clear of every one but me, his manner suddenly changed, he was again the mild-eyed, quiet little man who a few moments ago had inquired if the soup was to my liking. There was no sign of intoxication in his voice or manner, and he directed me to the nearest distillery as clearly as if he had not tasted a drop of Geneva that day.

A peep into some of the homes at Schiedam gives one an idea what misery really is. They are not so dirty as the tenements of New York, because the Dutch housewife inherits a certain insanity from her ancestors for scrubbing everything scrubbable. She expends more water on the stones in front of her door than on the faces of her children, and toils for hours over a brick floor while her rags scarcely conceal her nakedness.

The poor houses of Schiedam are empty. There are a bed and an iron pot, but the fire is seldom visible. Dry and smoked fish and dry bread, washed down by the omnipresent Geneva, make up the meals that are partaken of four or five times a day, each member of the family helping himself when he feels inclined.

A more ragged set of scarecrows than the "Dutch devil" it would be hard to imagine. At night they flutter along the streets like uncouth birds, uttering hoarse cries when they meet, as if their throats were corroded from the libations taken during the day. Screams are heard proceeding from many dark houses along the way, and now and then a doorway is flung open and a dark form is pushed stumbling into the road, where it lies groaning heavily.

A GREAT MILITARY MACHINE.

The Wonderful Organization at the Kaiser's Command.

The uncertainty and mystery which surround the policy of the young Emperor of Germany, the innovations which are being made by him in his army, the changes in the uniform of the soldiers, the introduction of smokeless powder and the new rules promulgated with reference to eligibility to certain subordinate offices, all give especial interest just now to the subject of the general character and efficiency of the military power of Germany. The world was astonished when, now nearly a score of years ago, the Germans marched into the very capital of France and exacted not only the territory of Alsace and Lorraine, but a large tribute of cash besides.

The army of France had been regarded as the ideal army of the world, as Napoleon had been regarded as the ideal soldier of the world. The outcome of the Franco-Prussian war was, therefore, a great surprise to those not aware of the changes which had been going on in the armies of the two nations. The fact is, that during the last quarter of a century no country on earth has given such practical assent as has Germany to the wisdom of the injunction, "In time of peace prepare for war." It is doubtless safe to say that to-day no other nation so nearly approaches perfection in its military organization and its preparation of detail for every sort of a campaign as does Germany. Two days after war had been declared between France and Prussia in 1870, an ambassador met Gen. von Moltke leisurely strolling in Friedrichs strasse, in Berlin, and looking in at the shop windows. The diplomat, after exchanging a few words with the general, exclaimed: "Himself, remarking that a military man must be very busy just then. "Oh, no, I am not busy at all," was the general's reply. "Our orders have been given."

A few years ago, when the autumn manœuvers of the Hanover and Schleswig-Holstein army corps were held, it was learned that in the bureaus of the general staff letters were ready stamped and addressed to every department and commanding officer of the several army corps, and that all horses of private ownership were assigned to the regiments or batteries to which they would be attached in case of requisition for war.

The whole country is organized for war, and every individual capable of bearing arms knows where to go and what to do in the event of a call for his services. All the railway officials and all the telegraphers are in the military service, and the heads of those departments are general officers, who organize them to meet the exigencies of war. Even the railway lines of Germany can be requisitioned for military service in the time it takes to dispatch half a dozen telegrams and every superior officer knows exactly to what locality he must betake himself. Information on this subject is furnished in printed manuals which are issued at the first indication of a coming war with any country. Every regiment has its depot of service outfits, which can be distributed at an hour's notice, and every corps has its depot of general stores, ambulance wagons, field telegraph apparatus, and bakeries in a condition of complete efficiency.

Plans of every conceivable sort of campaign are kept in the archives of the war office and of the emperor's palace. These plans have all been carefully prepared as the result of councils held by the leading generals. In the event of the prospect of a war which may demand a modification of the ready made plans, the changes are made during the "diplomatic period," which always precedes active hostilities, and which may be protracted by the ambassadors from Berlin for the purpose of giving the generals time to arrange for the campaign.

LOVERS OF GEMS.

How a Handsome Stone Fell Into the Hands of Artist Hunt.

William Hunt, the artist, and Henry Ward Beecher used often to meet at Mr. Remick's in Boston, and each was fond of pointing out new gem beauties to the other. One day, while Mr. Beecher was looking over the contents of the safe, he came across a bit of chalcedony.

"Ah," said he, "do you know you've got a piece of the gate of heaven here? If you know a fellow who isn't likely to see paradise soon, just bestow this on him to carry as a glimpse of comfort and heavenly beauty."

A little while after Hunt lounged in.

"Here," said Mr. Remick, "is a piece of the gate of heaven—Beecher says so."

"How does he know?" was the reply.

"Oh," said Mr. Remick, "he lives nearer there than you or I, and I believe he is in sight of it most of the time. He told me to give it to somebody that wasn't sure to see it in a hurry, so I'll hand it over to you."

Little did either dream how near the recipient was to the entrance of paradise. It was but a few weeks after that the sad accident occurred which lost to America one of her greatest artists. But before his death he had chosen a mounting for his bit of chalcedony and sent it to his favorite sister, Miss Jane Hunt, who still wears it as an amulet.—[Ladies' Home Journal.

The Problem Solved.

"I must break the engagement, and yet I don't want people to say I jilted him."

"I have it. Invite him to tea."

"What some of your tea biscuits."

"Yes!"

"And he'll break it himself."—[Harper's Magazine.

Not Very Sympathetic.

Perkins—"I understand that Tompkins was hardly handled by footpads the other evening."

Jenkins—"Well, if they got anything out of him, I congratulate them. It is more than any of his creditors have been able to do, I can assure you."—[Boston Budget.

THE LANDLORD SLAPS HIS DAUGHTER.

scream flung himself upon his daughter, striking her with both fists. She turned to remonstrate, when, still screaming, he opened the door and flung her into the street.

The importance of purifying the blood cannot be overestimated, for without pure blood you cannot enjoy good health.

At this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is worthy your confidence. It is peculiar in that it strengthens and builds up the system, creates an appetite, and tones the digestion, while it eradicates disease. Give it a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

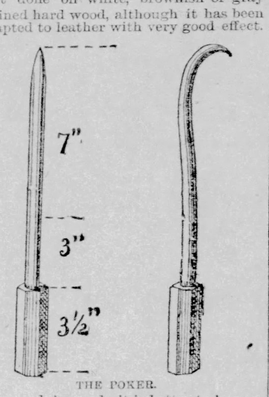
A PRETTY POKER PICTURE

A FASCINATING ART DESCRIBED.

All You Need is a Piece of Iron Heated, a Tablet of Wood and Artistic Feeling.

[Written for THE BLADE by Laura B. Starr. Copyrighted 1890.]

Poker pictures are something like etchings or paintings done in sepia. They have the advantage, however, of being more easily accomplished and more durable than either of these. All sorts of useful and ornamental articles may be decorated with this work, which looks best done on white, brownish or gray stained hard wood, although it has been adapted to leather with very good effect.



THE POKER.

If wood is used, it is better to have a loose grained piece free of knots, such as sycamore, pear, lime or holly, the whiter the better. Sycamore and holly are considered the best, but they are in many localities rather expensive. Wood is used for decorative panels for the walls, for panels and borders for all kinds of furniture and for pictures. The background of the picture and the frame are frequently different kinds of wood. As often, however, the same wood is used and the picture extended to the edge of the frame.

Leather is used for portfolios, blotters, photograph holders, lamp mats, pillow rolls, cushions, etc., etc. The leather should be stiff and heavy, and the article, whenever possible, trimmed with thongs of lighter and different colored leather.

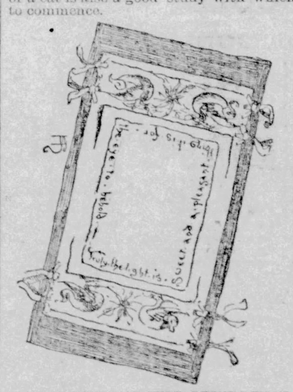
The work is very simple; one merely draws with a platina pencil, or, rather, pointed tool, which must be kept at a regular heat, just as if any other drawing were being done with ordinary materials. Probably the worker will at first be rather taken back at the broad, round end of the pencil, and feel sure that nothing can be done with it, but she will soon be quite surprised at the fine lines that can be made by using it sideways, and as soon as she has learned to regulate the heat of the same.

A great deal may be done with the ordinary kitchen poker, which should be short and light in the handle; but it requires a considerable amount of practice, owing to its length and weight, to manage this with dexterity. In addition to the poker, six other tools will be found convenient; these any ironmonger can easily make. The irons are twelve inches long, allowing two inches to be sunk into an octagonal wooden handle three and-a-half inches long, making total length thirteen and-a-half inches.

Two small pokers may be made like A, one 1¼ inches in circumference, the other 1⅜ inches. Four crooked like B are useful; they are similar to a boy's iron hoop-stick, only the top must not be taken round, and where the curve begins the iron should be flat. The crook should decrease in width and thickness at the end according to the size. The six should be as follows: No. 1, small poker, 1¼ inches in circumference; No. 2, small poker, 1⅜ inches in circumference; No. 3, a bent iron stick, the crook being ¼ inch wide and ⅜ inch thick; No. 4, crook ½ inch wide, ¼ inch thick; No. 5, crook ¾ inch wide, ½ inch thick; No. 6, 1 inch wide and ½ inch thick.

The outline is sketched first in charcoal, then flicked off so as to leave only a faint mark; if, however, there is a difficulty the design may be traced by means of transfer paper, pressing lightly over the outline with a fine point. Some of the surface of the carbon paper should be rubbed off with cotton wool before it is applied to the wood or leather. This is to avoid leaving too much of a line in the delicate parts, such as the nostrils, eyes, etc., where the shading is light.

The designs should be rough and bold. Heads of old men and women and animals are the most effective. Beginners will find that conventional, grotesque dragons on the lamp mat design are not difficult, while the head of a tiger, a lion or a cat is also a good study with which to commence.



LEATHER LAMP MAT WITH BURNT DESIGN.

The leather lamp mat is made of two pieces, the under dark brown, the upper light tan color. Narrow thongs of leather tie them together. The lines and dragons on the topmost piece are done with a few touches of the hot poker. The quotation: "Truly the light is sweet and a pleasant thing it is for the eye to behold," is burned around the center.

"When Pain Ceases to be Tolerable, it Destroys."

But why wait until it becomes intolerable? Read what Compound Oxygen has accomplished in the most severe and obstinate cases. Lose no time, but send for our brochure of 200 pages, a Treatise on Compound Oxygen, with numerous testimonials. Here is a specimen:

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN:—"I began taking your Compound Oxygen Treatment on the 20th of last June for that most insidious and baffling of all diseases, neuralgia. My two months' Treatment lasted me nearly four months. Everyone thinks my cure is wonderful in so short a time, after such long and terrible suffering." MRS. A. J. SMITH, Fort Bidwell, Modoc Co., Cal., Oct. 6, 1888.

Brochure sent free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa., or 120 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

His Excuse Is a Perfectly Valid One.

She was the typical country schoolma'am. She had a youthful, engaging look, and an evident interest in what went on in the neighborhood, despite the responsibility that rested on her shoulders.

"Willie Smith," she said, "you are late again."

"Yes'm."

"This must be stopped. I have a great mind to punish you, and I assure you that if you allow it to occur again you will not escape lightly. What is the cause of your tardiness?"

"Miss Jenkins's beau."

"Who? that young man from town?"

"Yes'm."

"Does he go to see Miss Jenkins often?"

"'Bout seven times a week."

"The idea! Do you know whether they are going to get married?"

"Not exactly, but I know that they talk mighty sweet to each other, and he gave her a ring."

"Poor fellow! You may go to your seat, Willie."—[Merchant Traveler.

He Wished It.

"I would I were an angel!"
Thus to her head sang she;
"I would you were," he said, "for then,
Love, you might fly with me."
—[Philadelphia Press.

Entitled to the Best.

All are entitled to the best that their money will buy, so every family should have, at once, a bottle of the best family remedy, Syrup of Figs, to cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 50c and $1.00 bottles by all leading druggists.

THE SKY IN MAY.

The delights of fragrant breezes, bursting buds and exhiliarating atmosphere which have always been associated with the month of May, will be supplemented and heightened this year by the charms which the firmament will unfold. For about half of the month the evening hours will be cheered and beautified by moonlight. During the first seven days and the last seven, Luna may be seen at or shortly after sunset. On the 1st day of the month the moon will be about half way between its first quarter and its full stage, the latter of which phases will be reached on the 4th. Between these two dates it will be in the field of view in the southeast before the run sets. On the latter day it will rise when the sun sinks from view, while on the three following evenings its appearance will be early enough to greet those who do not go to bed before 10 o'clock. During the last seven days of the month the moon will be passing through and beyond its first quarter stage, and will be in the field of vision before sunset.

But it is not the moon which will contribute the chief charm of the evening hours of May. Every planet except Jupiter will be above the horizon during part or all of May some time between sunset and midnight, and most of the first magnitude stars which have been visible in the past few months will remain with us for a time at least in the month which is about to begin, while others which have been absent will come into view.

The most striking and beautiful feature of the celestial panorama in May, next to the moon, will be the planet Venus. Before the close of evening twilight, high above the western horizon and a little south of the exact westerly point, Venus will be seen. It will be in view an hour and a half latter than the sun, and forty or fifty minutes of this time it will be a rarely charming object. Venus is not yet in its brightest phase, but even now, when the atmosphere is at all favorable for observation, it is well worth seeing.

Saturn will rank next to Venus in interest for the star-gazers during the next few weeks. The ringed planet will be seen a little west and south of the zenith point when it comes into view soon after sunset. It holds its old position near Regulus, the first-magnitude star belonging to the constellation of the Lion, the planet being the brighter and the farther to the north and west. From the time in which it becomes visible near the close of evening twilight it will be in the field of view until after midnight.

Next to Saturn in interest just now is the planet Mars. The latter rises about 9 o'clock, and will remain in view from that time until about two hours after midnight. No one can readily mistake Mars for any other orb in its immediate neighborhood. Its fiery red hue makes it always a conspicuous object when favorably situated for observation, as it is now. On the 27th of May Mars will be in opposition to the sun, rising in the east at the time the solar orb sinks from view in the west.

Uranus in the southeast rises earlier than Mars in the east, but is far less conspicuous and interesting, although now passing through its brightest phase. It is still in the immediate neighborhood of its old companion, Spica, of the constellation of the Virgin.

Early in May Mercury will be at its farthest distance eastward from the sun, and from that time until the 30th it will be moving rapidly west in the direction of the solar orb. On the 10th it will pass close to Venus, Mercury being to the northward a degree and a half of the queen of planets. It will pass between the sun and the earth on the 30th and appear a few days later in the east before sunrise in the role of morning star.

Venus and Mercury are now in the constellation of the Bull, Saturn in the Lion, Mars in the Scorpion and Uranus in the Virgin.

Jupiter, the solitary planet which figures as a morning star at present, will come into view in May before midnight, but technically it will not be an evening star until the end of July. It will rise shortly before the midnight hour in the closing evenings of the month, and will appear earlier and earlier in successive weeks. In the end of July it will come into the field of vision as the sun goes down, and takes its place on the roll of evening stars.

On the list of conjunctions between the moon and planets in May, those in which Mars, Mercury, Venus and Saturn appear will be the most interesting. That between Luna and Mars will occur on the 6th, Mars being, at their closest, one and three-quarters degrees north of the moon. At this time the moon will be two days past its full stage, and both moon and planet will be seen in the east at about 9:30 o'clock. Luna will be near Mercury on the 19th, and pass Venus on the 20th. These conjunctions will take place on the westerly side of the firmament. On both occasions the moon will be a thin crescent, and will have been but a day or two beyond its new stage. In each case the planet will be north of its companion to the extent of a little more than a degree.

The conjunction best worth seeing will be that in which Saturn figures. Saturn will be higher in the firmament than the other planets, and the spectacle will be in the field of view for five or six hours. The moon will be just completing its half phase when this takes place. When at their nearest approach to each other the ringed planet will be three and a quarter degrees to the southward.

All the conspicuous stars except Sirius, the Greater Dog, and Betelguese and Rigel, of Orion, which have been in view in the past few months, will be in the field of vision through May. Capella, of the Charioteer, will be in the northwest; Castor and Pullux, of the Twins, in the west; Procyon, of the Lesser Dog, in the southwest; Spica, of the Virgin, in the southeast; Regulus, of the Lion, in the southwest, but near the zenith; Arcturus, of the Cowherd, in the east, and Vega, of the Lyre, in the northeast. Spica, Arcturus and Vega will be found to be mounting higher and higher above the horizon when any hour in which they are in view is compared with the same hour of preceding days, and Capella, Castor and Pollux, Procyon and Regulus will be noticed to be sinking. Toward the end of the month Deneb, the principal star in the constellation of the Swan, will be in plain view at the close of evening twilight below Vega in the northeast, and about the same time Procyon in the southwest will be so near the horizon at the beginning of darkness as to lose much of the luster and beauty which it has shown since it made its advent in the evening sky in November last.

FOR SICK HEADACHE

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. M. W. GRAY, Cave Spring, Ga., says: "I have used it with perfect success in habitual sick headache."

Proud of the Relationship.

"Oh, Mr. Dusenberry," cried her little brother, "I'm so glad you are going to be kin to me."

"Ah, Johnny, is that so?" he gasped, a look of happiness flitting over his face. "How did you know? Come here and sit on my lap and tell me all you have heard."

"Sister's other feller come here last night," began the boy after he was safely in the arms of the young man, devouring a quarter's worth of candy, "and I heard them talking 'bout you."

"What did they say?"

"He was mad," replied the terror, "cause sis goes with you so much."

"And what was her reply to him?" continued the young man, the look of happiness spreading further across his features.

"She said," began the youth again, "that he needn't get mad 'cause you came to see her, as you was a soft snap and was saving him lots of money that would go to fixin' up their house after they were married. I would like to hear from more of the 23d A. C. boys.—WILLIS C. HOUGHN, Co. I, 27th Ky. V. I.

The look of contempt on the young man's face gave way to the pallor of despair, as he gasped:

"Well, how is that going to make me kin to you?"

"Oh," went on the boy, "I'm comin' to that now. She said that when you proposed to her she would be a sister to you, and won't that make you my brother?"

As the child picked himself off the floor he beheld the form of the young man flit through the front door.—[Atlanta Constitution.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

He—What would you have done if I hand not married you?

She—Picked up some other fellow, I suppose.

He—But you told me that you could never love anybody but me.

She—That was before we were married.—[Texas Siftings.

—There is comfort for the man with a prematurely gray beard in Buckingham's Dye, because it never fails to color an even *brown* or *black* as may be desired.

The Camp Fire.

☞ Contributions for this department from the old soldiers are solicited by the editor; but short and lively personal and historical sketches, interesting reminiscences, etc., are preferable. Every comrade will be recognized, and no contribution will be overlooked. Nothing from the records is desired, as we are supplied with a full set.

Stole From a Jayhawker.

INASMUCH as the 7th Kansas Cav. was noted in the West as one of the toughest and hardest regiments to get ahead of in camp or on the march, in a fight or after forage, I will tell how a 3d Mich. cavalryman got away with their colonel. In the fall of 1862 they were brigaded with us at Lagrange, or Grand Junction, Tenn., and Col. Lee, of the 7th, commanded the brigade. We started out towards Holly Springs, and went into camp at night at a large plantation in Mississippi. We had plenty of forage and "grub," and all passed off pleasantly that night.

The next morning the march was resumed and all went well until about 10 a. m. The column halted and an orderly passed by and gave orders to search every man. Haversacks, blankets and saddles were all examined and in the blanket of Comrade Briggs, of Co. D, was one of Col. Lee's best Colt's revolvers. The revolver was returned to the owner, and the name of the culprit given, but nothing more was said or done until that night. After we had got our supper an orderly came and ordered Briggs to report to Col. Lee, forthwith.

At headquarters a number of officers of both regiments were gathered; but, nothing daunted, the brave Briggs stepped up to Col. Lee, saluted him, and said he was ordered to report to him.

"You are the man that stole my revolver, are you not?" said Lee.

"Yes, sir; I am the man."

"Well, sir, will you answer me truthfully a question?"

"I will, sir, colonel."

"Does not the government furnish you a good revolver?"

"Yes, sir; I have as good arms as any man in the 7th Kansas."

"Then what was your object in stealing my revolver?"

"Well, colonel, the 7th Kansas are called 'Jayhawkers,' and they have the reputation of stealing everything that they can carry off. I am called the biggest thief in the 3d Mich. Cav., and I wanted to see if I couldn't steal from the Chief of the Jayhawkers."

"You can return to your quarters, sir," said the Colonel. And Briggs proudly returned. As Col. Lee was passing Briggs the next day, he called out to his orderly, who was following: "Look out for my haversack; there is the man who stole my revolver." And that exclamation called for one of those rousing cheers.—M. C. MCCURDY, 3d Mich. Cav.

Snake Creek Gap.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In view of the fact that there has been some controversy among the comrades of the Camp Fire in regard to the regiments engaged in the battle of Snake Creek Gap, perhaps a few paragraphs from my father's diary, which he wrote during the war, will prove of interest to the "boys." He was a member of Co. K, 3d Wis. V. V. I., named Abner Hubbell, and he died in 1879.

"May 8.—Laid over until nearly night; marched six miles; camped on Taylor's ridge, at Wick Jack Gap. May 9.—Started on march at 1 o'clock a. m.; crossed over the ridge and joined our brigade just after daybreak, at foot of ridge. May 10.—Started at midnight; marched seventeen miles to Snake Creek Gap. We could see the enemy all day, firing from Buzzard's Roost. We marched through the gap and got a position on the other side. We laid in camp here May 11 and 12. The 14th, 15th and 16th corps passed us, and on the morning of the 10th our forces commenced an advance movement; our corps was kept in reserve; the 15th and 16th in advance; they advanced 5 miles; had some heavy skirmishing and artillery firing. May 14.—To-day there was heavy skirmishing along the whole line; some fighting in the afternoon; our corps was kept in reserve until 4 p. m. We moved briskly to the extreme left of the line, where they were fighting pretty sharply; we arrived on the left just in time to prevent the flanking of the 4th corps; they were overpowered and had just broke in confusion. We whirled into line and soon put a stop to their advance. We then settled down for the night; built fortifications all night. May 15.—This morning our corps got into position and moved cautiously for the order to advance; they were fighting pretty hard on our right, but we could not see what was going on for the country was thickly wooded. At 1 p. m. the 3d division passed us and was soon engaged briskly in the timber in front of us. The 2d division then passed us. As soon as they got past we moved; went one and one-half miles and took a position on the extreme left of the line; we could easily see the enemy's works on the other side. Co. K. was deployed in front of our regiment and we commenced to advance across the field; we met no opposition on the other side of the field, as we expected. We advanced about five hundred yards, into the wood, closely followed by the line of battle. We halted and the troops threw up temporary works, which soon proved of great advantage to them, as we only had a single line of battle, and the rebs soon charged with three lines. They were repulsed. I had to leave the field at this time, on account of a wound received on the skirmish line. Meantime our troops on the right had taken their first line of works and success seemed to be ours. Along the whole line arose cheer after cheer, telling plainly that our men had won another point in the game. The fighting ceased late in the evening. Hospitals were established to the rear, and the number of wounded coming in showed that our victory had cost us dearly. About midnight the enemy massed their forces and attempted to break our line, but were repulsed in every attempt."—W. B. H.

The Bullets Were Blind.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I love to read the Camp Fire and hear from the boys that wore the blue. I will give an instance of one engagement of the many that our regiment was in. It was on the line of battle reaching from the mountain to Big Shanty, a few days before Gen. Polk was killed. We had been in line of battle for several days, and had lost a number, killed and wounded. One day we were ordered to charge a fort and hold our fire until we were ordered to fire. We had to charge through an open field. The Johnnies gave us a warm reception. We advanced as far as prudent to go, and then we were ordered to build a barricade. The next day was a beautiful, sunny day. There was constant firing on the skirmish line, and bullets were flying in every direction. Notwithstanding the threatening danger, the boys became careless and were exposing themselves. I was corporal of Co. I, and I told the men they had better take to cover. A man in Co. F swore he was not afraid. I remarked that the bullets were blind, and that they would as soon go low as high. It was not more than ten minutes before a bullet struck the lapel of that man's coat. The bullet turned and went in between his chin and neck, he pitched over on his face with a groan and spit the bullet out of his mouth. The comrade was living the last I heard, and he still holds on to that bullet. I would like to hear from more of the 23d A. C. boys.—WILLIS C. HOUGHN, Co. I, 27th Ky. V. I.

The Attack on Fort Steadman.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Well do I remember the night sortie by the Confederates, under Gen John B. Gordon, on the lines of the 9th A. C. at Petersburgh, March 25, 1865. What a grand surprise! There had not been an inkling given in all of the Union camps until the trench guards on about a mile of the lines were aroused by the sound of attack, and when awakened found their own guns turned upon them. The point selected for the attack was Fort Steadman, known as Hare's Hill. The works were located in a fine grove of oaks, which surrounded the mansion, (now destroyed), the property of Col. O. P. Hare, of Confederate fame. Our company was near by and witnessed the fight and maneuvers after daylight; and I wish to say the 14th N. Y. H. A. distinguished themselves here; also the 100th Pa., Round Heads, 14th, 25th and 59th Mass. The 59th and 25th Mass. recaptured battery 11. The 2d and 20th Mich. did good service; also the 200th Pa. Gordon expected reinforcements, but when he found they were not forthcoming, he ordered his men to retire. This they attempted under a storm of bullets, shells and grape. While retiring some troops of the 3d brigade advanced to Fort Steadman and planted a flag on the works, and took a number of prisoners. Gen. Hartranft advanced his division, deployed across the plain with troops of the 2d and 3d brigade. Wilcox's division formed on either flank, the line covered the gap and swept up the trenches, capturing several hundred prisoners who were willing to lay down their arms. Two thousand prisoners and a number of battle flags fell into the hands of the 9th Corps. The latter losing about 500 killed and wounded, and same number missing.—MILES MULFORD, Co. H, 50th N. Y. Eng.

He Joined the Union Army.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—As I have seen nothing from my old regiment, 6th Mo. Cav., I will tell how I got into Uncle Sam's service. When "Pap" Price come up from Arkansas and Texas with a horde of rebels, I was living in southwest Missouri, near Springfield, with my father, being then a mere boy of 17 years. The rebels camped all about our place. My father, an old Benton Democrat, had taken sides with the Union, and for holding these opinions he had to leave home and seek shelter with Gen. Lyons, then at Springfield. Our plantation was all taken under guard until after the battle on Wilson Creek, then things became quiet for some time, and we boys went where we pleased until Gen. Curtice marched to the southwest. Then things began to be lively again. As Gov. Jackson was at Cassville with Price's army, the scouts patrolled the country between Cassville and Springfield, and took everything that was moveable. One of our neighbors, who was a rebel and a bad man, came to our house and asked for father. Well, I suppose I was pretty saucy to this rebel captain, and he swore that he would hang me, and got the rope for the purpose. That scared my little brother so badly that he gave the captain the desired information. He then released me, but I told him I would get even with him when I got to be a man. That night I went to Springfield. Just at 2 p. m. I was halted by the pickets of an Illinois regiment and taken prisoner, and that's how I got into the Union army.—E. P. L., Co. I, 6th Mo.

Caught a Tartar.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—When we were marching through Georgia, two boys were out foraging. One man had a horse and the other an old mule. They were overtaken by five rebel cavalrymen, dressed in blue; but the boys mistrusted them and started to run. Then the fun began. The rebs had good horses and soon overtook the man on the mule and captured him. One plucky reb with a nice black horse, started after the other man, who was not very far in advance. The reb began firing as he advanced, armed with carbine and revolver. He quickly emptied his weapons, and when he was side by side with the bluecoat, he struck him on the head with the revolver. The Union man, who was grit to the backbone, raised his gun over his horse's neck (the gun was slung over his back behind any forager's) and without taking aim, put a ball through the body of Jonny Reb, which caused the latter to roll off his horse. Without stopping, the federal caught hold of the horse's bridle, and came into camp in less than half an hour afterwards.—HARVEY O. WILLIAMS, Co. F. 12th Ind., Vols.

He Was With Wagner.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I know something about G. D. Wagner and his regiment and brigade. I was enrolled at Lafayette, Ind., on April 23, 1861, and was with the command in West Virginia in every skirmish. We arrived at Louisville, January 1, 1862, and a more ragged set of men you never saw. We had to patch our pants with the corners of blankets. We didn't stay long in Louisville. I was always on hand for my share of duty. I never lost a day. I was in a detail chopping logs for winter quarters in West Virginia, and had my nose mashed by a flying limb the day before we left; but I marched with my regiment all the same, to the railroad. I was discharged from the 15th Ind., the 5th of December, in 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., so that I could enlist in the 4th U. S. Cav. for three years, and served my time out and was discharged at San Antonio, Texas, December 6, 1865.—W. M. S., Co. L., 4th U. S. Cav.

A Job of Making Rails.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I have been a constant reader of THE BLADE for twelve or fourteen years, and I think it is the soldiers' true friend. I have been watching the Camp Fire to see if any of the 30th Ind. would show up. I wonder if the boys remember when the 4th A. C. was reorganized, in 1865, and sent to Texas: and the rails we made below New Orleans? When we landed, as was necessary, we looked for some wood, and soon discovered a post-and-rail fence that had been partly burned, but portions remained, and of course we took them. Well, the old planter complained to Col. Suman, then commanding our brigade, who said he would have the boys replace them. So there was a detail sent out to cut the timber, the planter furnishing the tools. They cut timber, and next day the boys sawed any and all lengths. The third day they finished the job by rolling all they could into the river. Then they went into the old planter's sugar house, and with their axes set the saws, and returned to camp. Every day the old reb passed the boys would cry out, "Here are your rails!"—T. S. HART, Co. B, 30th Ind. V. I.

Another "Grandpa's Hat."

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I feel it is but justice that I should come to the rescue of Comrade Dan Knight. I was one of Little Phil's followers, but think it best not to reveal any further my identity, for I have a confession to make. I must confess to appropriating a "grandpa's hat" too, and like Dan, have since followed his example and thereby relieve Comrade Knight's distress; and I feel that St. Peter will surely leave the gate ajar for us. W. L. Bradley, Co. F, 13th W. Va., recently gave an account of Bluzer's scouts, which reminds me of war times in Kanawha valley. I was not one of them, but there was a detail made from my regiment (34th O. V. I.) I wish to thank Comrades Love and McClanahan of the 2d W. V. C. for their accounts of Hunter's raid to Lynchburgh; also for the expressions of appreciation of the 34th O. V. I., published in THE BLADE. I wish to assure the boys that there is a warm feeling for the gallant 2d in the breasts of all 34th O. boys. I was with my regiment on the raid to Lynchburgh. On the day of attack on Lynchburgh I was detailed in the provost guards, but was in rear of my command when the battle occurred. The enemy's lead came pretty thick about our ears, making the prisoners we were guarding uneasy; but I assured them that the compliments were from their friends. Would like to hear from some of the 34th O. Zouaves through the Camp Fire.—J. D. W. FLOYD, Co. K, 34th O. V. I.

Corroborative.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—From the commencement to the close of the war I served with the old 91st Ills. We did our duty and never flinched. Don't prod so hard, Comrade Judd, at E. M. Berry. The records show that you were both there. I know the story about the Johnny we met at Elizabethtown, is right, as stated by Comrade Berry. Company F. was A's right bower. It was a lively time and many rebs were killed. Col. H. S. Smith commanded; Col. H. M. Day was not there.—LEWIS JONES, Co. F., 91st Ills.

Union Ex-Prisoners of War.

The following relative to the objects of the National Association has been received from the secretary, and will be of interest to the comrades who were unfortunate enough to be captured during the war:

The objects of the Union ex-Prisoners of War association are to strengthen the ties of fraternal fellowship and sympathy, formed by companionship in arms during the war for the Union, among the survivors of that military body; to perpetuate the name and fame of those who have fallen in the prison pens of the South and in the line of duty; to bind together in the most friendly ties the survivors of the above forces; by joint action of its members in any direction which will secure justice to the living and honor to the dead, and to assist such of our fellow prisoners as need help and protection, and to extend needful aid to the widows and orphans of those who have fallen; to correct

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1. Send your real name and address, and make your questions plain.

2. Do not ask us where you can *buy* or *sell* anything, nor ask for addresses of business men or firms. This would be free advertising.

3. Do not ask whether any business man or firm is reliable.

4. Send only questions whose replies will be of general interest to our readers. We reserve the right not to answer queries which we consider are not so. Mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., are barred by this rule.

5. No replies by mail to questions, in any case.

Stanley's African Journeys.

J. G., Meadville, Pa.: In 1863 Stanley went to Abyssinia with the British army as correspondent of the New York *Herald*. In October, 1869, Stanley was sent by James Gordon Bennett, of the *Herald*, to find Dr. David Livingstone, the African explorer, of whom nothing had been heard for more than two years. In November, 1871, he found Dr. Livingstone at Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika and returned to England in July, 1872. In 1874 he was sent out to explore the lake region of equatorial Africa and in this expedition he proved that Lake Victoria Nyanza was the largest body of fresh water in the world, having an area of 40,000 square miles. He came down the Congo to the Atlantic coast, having crossed Africa in August, 1877. In 1878 Stanley went back to Africa under the auspices of the International African Association, to continue his exploration of the Congo river. He founded Leopoldville, on Stanley Pool, put steamers on the river, and explored much of the country. In 1882 he returned to Europe on sick leave; in 1883 he went back to the Congo, and in 1884 returned again to Europe, when the Congo Free State was formed with King Leopold, King of Belgium, as its sovereign. In 1887, Stanley went to relieve Emin Pasha. He went by the way of Zanzibar to the Congo, and left Bolombo, nearly 900 miles up the river, on May 11, 1887, marching eastward. He made many discoveries, underwent much danger and many hardships, and at last found Emin Pasha. After marching and countermarching thousand of miles, he reached Bagamoyo, near Zanzibar, on December 4, 1889. He is now in Europe. He said in a speech at Zanzibar that he should devote the rest of his life to Africa.

Exchanges of Prisoners, 1861-65.

Veteran, Hillsboro, O.: During 1861 prisoners were exchanged informally, the government refusing to recognize the South as a belligerent for fear of recognizing it in any way as a foreign state. The Confederacy released 57 wounded men from Richmond, the North sent them 20 men from Bedlow's Island and 37 men confined at Washington. Gen. McClernand released unconditionally to Gen. Polk three prisoners in December, 1861; on November 8, Gen. Grant released unconditionally several Confederate prisoners, and accepted several Federal prisoners, whom Gen. Polk gave him also unconditionally. In February, 1862, commissioners from both sides met at Norfolk, and agreed on an equal exchange of prisoners, and on February 14, the agreement was ratified at Washington. Gen. Wool, for the North, and Gen. Howell Cobb, for the South, arranged a permanent plan of exchange, rank being considered, officer assimilated, the man for man. The exchanges began late in February, 1862. From March 18 to July 22 there were no exchanges because of a difference between the parties as to the treatment of privateersmen held by the North; finally the North yielded its point, and thereafter the exchanges continued, interrupted now and again by various disagreements and misunderstandings. See the American Annual Cyclopedia for 1861, 1862, 1863 and 1864 for full accounts of the exchanges and the points of difference.

The Vice President's Casting Vote.

A. A., Tuscarawas, O.: The constitution provides that the Vice President, while presiding over the Senate, shall have the right to vote when the Senate is equally divided. There have been but three cases in which this power was exercised. The first two occurred in the debate on the tariff bill of 1828, on Tuesday, July 28, on a motion by Senator Johnson, of Maryland, to recommit the bill to the committee with instructions. The vote stood 23 to 23, and the President of the Senate cast his vote in the negative; on the vote ordering the bill to a third reading the yeas were 28 the nays 28, Mr. Dallas set forth his reasons for voting as he did—"when the Senate is equally divided, eleven are for the change." * * * In a case free from constitutional objection, I could not justifiably counteract, by a sort of official veto, the general will"—and gave a casting vote in the affirmative (Abridgement of Debates in Congress, xv., pp. 628, 629.) The third occasion was when Henry Wilson voted for the bill to equalize bounties, afterward vetoed by President Grant. The *Congressional Record*, vol. iii., p. 2459 (March 2, 1875), says: "The Vice-President—on this question 30 have voted in the affirmative, and 30 in the negative. The chair votes in the affirmative and the bill is passed."

The president *pro tem*, of the Senate, being a senator, has a vote on any question that comes up, of course.

Enlisting in the Regular Army.

J. M. Mc., Sayesville, Ky.: Applicants for enlistment in the United States army must be between the ages of 21 and 35 years, unmarried, and having no one dependent upon them for support. They must speak and understand English well, and be sound and healthy in every respect. Eyesight and hearing must be perfect, and teeth good. A man 5 feet 7 inches high should weigh 134 pounds stripped, and 2 pounds more for every additional inch in height. No applicant will be accepted who weighs less than 128 pounds stripped—except for cavalry service. Applicants may enlist for cavalry or infantry as they choose.

The pay of a soldier of both cavalry and infantry is $13 per month for the first two years—$14 the third year, $15 the fourth year and $16 the fifth year; all over $15 per month is retained and paid to the soldier upon his discharge from the service. The clothing allowance is about $300 for the five years. With economy something can be saved from this amount, which saving is also paid to the soldier upon his discharge. Rations, quarters, medical attendance, medicines, etc., are furnished free by the United States. The term of service is five years. Men are enlisted for the regular service for music, fifers, etc. Promotion to corporal and sergeant depends upon the character and conduct of the man. Apply in person at the recruiting stations, of which there is one in nearly every large city.

The Word "Gerrymander."

C. C. M., Ft. Wayne, Ind.: The word "gerrymander" comes from the name of Elbridge Gerry, one of the leading Democratic politicians of the last century of the nation's history. He was governor of Massachusetts in 1811, and signed the first bill giving one party all the advantage in a state election, by an unnatural arrangement of the districts. In this election the Democrats carried the next election, though nearly two-thirds of the votes were cast by the Federalists. Editor Russell, of the Boston *Centinel*, a Federal organ, made a rude colored map showing one of the most ill-shaped districts in Essex county and hung it up in his sanctum. One day Gilbert Stewart, the celebrated painter, whose portrait of Washington is so well known, was looking at the map and remarked that it reminded him of some monstrous animal. Picking up a pencil, he added what might represent a head, wings, tail and claws. "There," he said, "that will do for a salamander." Russell looked around and exclaimed, "Salamander! Call it Gerrymander!" The name stuck, and has forever stained the fame of a man who had little to do with the partisan scheme, and who was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and vice-president of the United States when he died.

Our Area and Public Lands.

Aztec, Knoxville, Tenn.: The area of the thirteen original states was 208,011,930 acres; Virginia and other states ceded 250,171,780 acres; the Louisiana purchase added 750,981,280 acres; east and west Florida added 37,931,280 acres; by the treaty with Mexico in 1848 we got 334,445,520 acres; by the treaty of 1853 we got 29,142,400 acres more; by purchase from Texas in 1850, 67,962,880 acres were added; and finally, by the purchase of Alaska, we acquired 369,529,600 acres. So to the 208,941,600 acres of the original thirteen states 1,940,052,585 acres were added, and our territory is now 2,957,114,185 acres.

Prior to March 4, 1861, lands to the extent of 68,123,622 acres were granted for military purposes, and 78,659,430 acres to state universities and colleges, a total of 146,783,061 acres. From 1851 to 1871, 163,643,944 acres were granted to corporations, and 17,775,624 acres to states to aid in the construction of railroads, a total of 181,419,569 acres. Since that time 50,482,240 acres have been declared forfeited by Congress, and 52,437,373 acres were restored by the action of the land office, a grand total of over one hundred million acres.

"Children's Day."

Two different inquirers: The aim of the observance of Children's Day is educational. It originated in the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal church. A centennial collection was taken in 1866 in the Methodist Sunday schools for educational purposes, which was called the children's fund. At the meeting of the general conference in 1868, a committee of the board of education was appointed to provide for the increase of the fund, and the investment of the interest, in assisting meritorious poor children of the Sunday schools in obtaining an education. The observance of the second Sunday of June was recommended then as "Children's Day," with the view of calling the attention of the parents and children to the importance of education for the latter, and also to take a collection to increase the fund. Later the fund itself was used, and all of the interest, and the annual collections were depended on. This church now assists about 1,000 children annually. Some years later the Presbyterian and other churches took up the movement, at first on various dates, but now the second Sunday of June, where practicable, is generally observed.

Religious Statistics—Court of St. James.

T. E. T., Osyka, Miss.: 1.—The following table gives the figures you ask for. The figures for the United States are for the table made up by the New York *Independent*, August 1, 1889:

	No. of Communicants. In U. S.	In World.
Roman Catholic	7,855,207	200,000,000
Methodists	4,725,882	16,550,000
Presbyterians	1,241,851	11,000,000
Baptists	4,078,589	8,450,000

2.—The British Court is called the "Court of St. James" because St. James's Palace, London, was the only royal residence in London from the time of the destruction by fire of Whitehall, the reign of William III. until the removal of Queen Victoria to Buckingham Palace, and the royal drawing-rooms and levees are always held there.

Stanley's Boyhood.

G. M. sends us the following facts regarding the early life of Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, on the authority of Noah Brooks: He was born near the little town of Denbigh, Wales. His parents, being poor, when he was about 5 years old, he was sent to the poor-house of St. Asaph to be educated. When 13 years old he was turned loose to care for himself. He taught school in the village of Mold, Flintshire, North Wales; went from there to Liverpool, England; shipped as cabin boy to New Orleans; fell in with a merchant, Mr. Stanley, who adopted him and gave him that name. His real name was John Rowlands. He became an American citizen, lived in New Orleans until 1861, when he was 21 years old. He was born in 1840.

"Limited" Firms.

Rustic, Talmage, Neb.: In an ordinary partnership, each member of the firm is liable for all the debts of the firm, and in case of a failure it may be taken to pay them. In England, and in some of the states of the Union, there are "limited liability" laws, whereby each member of the firm is only liable to a certain amount—usually, we believe, the amount of capital he originally invested. Those laws require that the word "limited" shall be used wherever the name of the firm is used—in advertisements, on signs, in signatures, and elsewhere, in order that the public may be notified of the fact of the limited liability of each partner of the firm.

Congressional Salaries.

T. S., Daisy, Tenn.: The United States "blue book," an official publication, in its latest issue, gives the following yearly salaries to the persons named:

President	$50,000	Speaker of House	$8,000
Vice President	8,000	Members House	5,000
Senators	5,000	Cabinet officers	8,000

Old Coins.

M. E. R., Jerome, Mich.: The silver half-dollar of 1838, with liberty cap and an "O" under the head, indicating that it was minted at New Orleans, if in perfect condition, is worth $6. Those made at other mints, and not bearing the O, are worth only 50 cents.

Soldering Fluid.

Roxie, Tres Piedras, N. M.: To make soldering fluid for soft solder, take muriatic acid and drop into it small bits of zinc until all bubbling ceases; then add one ounce of salammoniac to each pint of the liquid.

Miscellaneous.

W. R. B., Mon City, Pa.: Your candy question has been handed to the Household editor.

J. A. R., Cooney, O.: Consult a good school physiology. Your tariff question is answered editorially.

Art, Mt. Vernon, O.: The child's prayer beginning "Now I lay me down to sleep," was written by John Rogers, the martyr.

W. A. C., St. Paul, Minn.: There is no possible way of finding out whether there are more American-born or foreign-born employes on railway trains and in depots.

Subscriber, Fairport, Kan.: The capital of West Virginia was fixed at Wheeling for ten years, after which it was moved permanently to Charleston, which is now the capital.

L. E., Partella, Mich.: The first settlement of Rochester, New York, was made in 1810, and in 1812 a village was laid out by Nathaniel Rochester (after whom it was named) and others. It was incorporated as a village in 1817, and as a city in 1834.

J. P. S., Fayetteville, N. C.: 1.—The census supervisors name the enumerators. The latter are now being appointed. 2.—We never heard the name of "the doorkeeper who died of joy when the news of American freedom was announced."

W. H. E., Hastings, Neb.:—Why do you write to us to serve a business firm's address, in violation of the rules above? Do you not see that it would be a first-class free advertisement for the firm manufacturing it? If they wish to reach THE BLADE'S readers, they must do it through its columns.

W. L. M., Colby, Mich.: The capture of Burgoyne, in the Revolution, was the turning point of that war, because it showed foreign nations that the colonists were able to cope with trained British troops, and that the probabilities were that they would be successful. This was enough to make England's enemy, France, form an alliance with us against her.

Helping Him Out.

The Young Man (argumentatively)—But don't you see, Miss Bessie, that when you reason in that way you are only begging the question?

The Young Woman (blushing beautifully)—I am sure, Mr. Pedunele, I—I didn't intend to—to beg you to—to ask me any question!

(Sudden mustering up of courage on the part of the bashful Mr. Pedunele and agitated propounding of question—Miss Bessie had been waiting to hear.—[Chicago Tribune.

Spring Planning.

Petted Daughter—Mamma, I saw such a beautiful set of diamonds down town at Stoneking & Co.'s this morning! And they are marked only $2,500. I'm sure papa will buy them for me if you say so.

Doting Mamma—Ethel, your papa does not expect to fail in business till the 1st of May. You'll have to wait till after he has compromised with his creditors. If he gets them for you when we start for the seaside in June that will be soon enough, won't it, darling?—[Chicago Tribune.

No Friend of His.

"Who is that who wants to see me?" asked a very busy merchant of his servant. "I don't know his name, but he says he was an old friend of your father's." "All right; you tell him that I am very sorry, but my father is dead."

INFANTILE Skin & Scalp DISEASES cured by CUTICURA Remedies.

FOR CLEANSING, PURIFYING and BEAUTIFYING the skin of children and infants, and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are infallible.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood diseases, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Baby's Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

KIDNEY PAINS, Backache and Weakness cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, an instantaneous pain-subduing plaster. 25c.

WANTS $5,000 FOR A SCALP.

Story of the Man Whom Senator Plumb is Seeking to Aid.

Easton (Kan.) special to Kansas City *Times*: Living quietly in this city is a man who 26 years ago this summer lost his scalp in a raid on a government train by a savage band of Sioux Indians, and who still lives, apparently as hearty as if the sharp tomahawk of a savage redskin had never been drawn across his head. His name is Robert McGee. The story of his thrilling escape from death at the hands of Chief Little Turtle and his murderous band, which has been told time and time again around the firesides of Leavenworth county, has been revived by Senator Plumb's introduction of a bill in the Senate of the United States to pay McGee $5,000, and now every detail of the narrative is recounted with as much interest as if McGee has passed through his stirring experience only yesterday instead of more than a quarter of a century ago.

The story is one that will rival the tales of fiction of early experiences on the plains with the bloody redskins that roamed through Western Kansas and Colorado, leaving a trail of blood wherever their fancy carried them, and McGee's is one of the few cases on record where a human being has survived after being scalped and tomahawked. In 1864, McGee, then 13 years old, was an orphan without a home to which he could turn or friends who would advise him. He was rather large for a lad of 13, and the idea struck him that he would join the army. He went to Fort Leavenworth and enlisted, thinking he could induce the officers to accept him as a recruit. When the mustering came on McGee was rejected as unfit for service, but was immediately given a place with a contractor, who was then about to take a wagon train of government supplies from Fort Leavenworth to Fort Union, in far away New Mexico. It was a hazardous journey, as all knew who embarked with the train, for it was through a section with military posts few and far between and infested with roaming bands of savage Indians, to encounter whom meant fight to the death. The young fellow accepted all these chances, thinking all the time that he was still in the government service, although he had been rejected as a soldier. The little band set out on its long journey into the uninhabited region beyond Fort Leavenworth in the summer of '64. It plodded on through the territory of Kansas in a southern direction until on June 11 the train pitched camp on the banks of Walnut creek, near the site of the present city of Great Bend, Kan. There it was attacked by a band of Sioux warriors led by Chief Little Turtle. It was an unequal contest, for the redskins vastly outnumbered the white men and, although the latter held out bravely against the tremendous odds, they were in time taken captives and forced to submit to all the tortures that savage brain could devise. According to McGee's story of the fight and capture, he was selected as the chief's special victim and held a captive, while his comrades were put to the more horrible deaths before his eyes. After all but the boy had been disposed of, the Indians, after a short parley, concluded to kill and scalp him, the old chief claiming him as his prey. He was knocked down with a spear handle, and as he fell a shot was fired at him, the bullet from his gun remaining firmly lodged in his ribs. Then Chief Little Turtle cut the scalp loose in front, put his feet on the back of his neck, and tore off the whole top of his head. Not satisfied with this he shot two arrows through him, and as he lay pinned to the ground brought down his tomahawk twice in his head, each stroke stripping off a piece of his skull. Then he ran a spear through the body several times. Unconscious and bleeding from a dozen wounds after this barbaric torture the Indians withdrew, leaving the lad and all his companions for dead. His companions were indeed dead, but a spark of life yet remained in McGee's body. For three hours he remained in the hot July sun pinned to the ground by the arrows which pierced his body, until a party of soldiers on their way to Fort Larned happened along and discovered him. They drew the arrows from him and throwing his almost lifeless body across one of their ponies took him to the fort where the surgeons succeeded in saving his life.

The pistol with which McGee was shot was presented to Chief Little Turtle by President Lincoln along with a rifle. President Lincoln, when told of the attack, could hardly believe that the chief had deceived him so and wrote McGee an autograph letter asking him to come to Washington so he could see him. This letter has since been stolen, but there is no doubt that it did exist, as dozens have seen and read it. The President's heart was touched by the orphan boy's sad condition and it is evident that he wanted to provide a pension for him as a recognition of his sufferings. Generals Blunt and Curtis evidently thought that McGee was morally if not legally in the service, for they issued a perpetual order allowing him to draw soldier's clothes. After peace was declared with the Sioux a rich uncle of McGee's sent a special agent to Chief Little Turtle to get the scalp, but the chief refused to part with it, although, it is said, he was offered several thousand dollars for it.

CURIOSITIES FROM AFRICA.

Things to be Seen at the Stanley Exhibition Just Opened in London.

In the center of the floor of the lower gallery, says the London *Times*, is a very fine bust of Mr. Stanley and the original cast of the well-known African group of the Albert memorial. Behind this is a fine specimen of one of Mr. De Chaillu's gorillas from the Nottingham museum. The main exhibits in the lower gallery are artistically arranged, to some extent geographically, in the numerous panels around the walls. On the side spears are the most conspicuous objects, and the variety of type is quite striking. We have spears from Somaliland, the Masai country, the Congo, Uganda, Swaziland, the Nyassa region, the Tanganyika region, and it is instructive to compare the various types. There are the graceful forms which prevail in the west of Tanganyika, the rude forms so frequently found in the Congo, the war-trumpet handles from the Zambesi and elsewhere, the frightfully barbed massive heads from certain districts of the Congo basin. Nearly all of these spears, as well as the other exhibits, have been collected by explorers whose names are famous: men like Livingstone, Speke and Grant, Stanley and Thomson, Johnson, and many missionaries, the officials of the Congo Free State and others. The exhibitors are many, all possessing collections having been willing to contribute. One of the finest collections is, no doubt, that of Sir Henry Peek, whose spears especially are of the most representative character, while Mr. Silver has sent many of the things brought home by Joseph Thomson.

Equally varied are the types of axes, many of them of the most ingeniously elaborate form. Bows and arrows are not numerous, but shields are plentiful and varied; and it is of much interest to note that the true Zulu shield extends even to the latitude of Zanzibar, where we find a tribe who have been long settled there, and who, though they have ceased to wander, retain many of the old Zulu costumes. Some of the personal ornaments are most extraordinary. There are anklets like enormous brass plates, with a hole through the center; others made of bars of copper, each over a pound weight. Then some of the "money" is of a strange character. One specimen from the Congo looks like an enormous sword, the blade about a foot wide. This is carried about and cut up as wanted. The utensils of metal and pottery are as varied and interesting as the weapons. One exhibit, which will no doubt interest many visitors is the complete equipment for a horse brought by Mr. Thomson from Sokoto. The stirrups of brass must weigh several pounds each, while an equally heavy brass ornament is used as a frontlet for the horse. All the other equipment is on a similarly massive scale, while the leather work is of great beauty and elaboration.

Married Men Preferred.

Mrs. Henpeck (with a self-satisfied air)—"I notice that whenever Hard, Cash & Co. advertise for clerks or salesmen they always say 'Married Men Preferred.'"

Mr. H. (an employe of Hard, Cash & Co.)—"Yes, the old tyrants. They want men who are used to being bossed."—[New York Weekly.

"Tired All the Time."

Say many poor men and women, who seem overworked, or are debilitated by change of season, climate or life. If you could read the hundreds of letters praising Hood's Sarsaparilla which come from people whom it has restored to health, you would be convinced of its merits. As this is impossible, why not try Hood's Sarsaparilla yourself and thus realize its benefit? It will tone and build up your system, give you a good appetite, overcome that tired feeling and make you feel as one woman expresses it, "like a new creature."

"PLEASE DON'T HIT ME."

When Lige Page moved into the Elk Horn neighborhood, the people—at least those who saw him and noted his repellant face—declared that the community had not been benefited by his selection of it as a place of residence. Page was a contradiction of the adage that old age is honorable. His whiskers were gray and his hair was almost white, but in his eyes there lurked a vicious expression, and about the corners of his mouth there seemed to fall the dark shadows of meditated violence. He had no family except a grandson, a small, delicate boy. A mere glance at the child was enough to reveal the fact that he was miserable. One day, while old Mark Lane, as kind-hearted old fellow as ever lived, was going through the woods, he suddenly came upon the boy, lying asleep under a tree. Before he could speak, the child sprang to his feet with the cry, "Please don't hit me," then, blushing, he said:

"I thought you was gran'pa."

"Great Lord," exclaimed old Mark, "would your grandpa hit you?"

"He always does, sir, when he ketches me asleep, and he always hits me when he wants to wake me up in the mornin'."

"Boy, John, oh John!" a voice loudly called.

"He's calling me now," said the boy. I know he's goin' to hit me."

"I'll go along with you," old Mark rejoined. They soon reached the cabin where Page lived. The old man, with a cane in his hand, stood near the door. He paid no attention to old Mark, but, when the boy shrinkingly came within reach, he struck him with the cane. Then, in the twinkling of an indignant eye, Mark "hauled off" and knocked Page down. The old fellow, scrambling to his feet, turned upon Mark and exclaimed:

"What the devil did you hit me for?"

"To knock the devil down," Mark quietly remarked.

"I am a great mind to git a gun an' shoot you."

"Yes," rejoined Mark," and several years from now somebody riding by here would muse: 'This is the place where old Mark Lane killed a brute that was trying to kill him.' Say, I want to know what makes you treat this poor little boy so mean?"

"None of your business."

"Sorter appears to me like it is."

"What right have you to come round here med'lin' with my affairs? When I want you I'll send for you. Hear me?"

"Gittin' along in years, but I ain't def. What makes you treat the poor little boy so mean?"

"Got a right to treat him like I please."

"What right?"

"If you must know, I'll tell you. One time my daughter ran away from home, and when she came back, nearly dead, she fetch a scrap of a baby with her. She died in her disgrace, but left me livin' in mine. Sense then it is my duty to teach the boy that he is no 'count and that his mother was no 'count."

"The poor child can't help that."

"I can't, either."

"If you had a soul as big as a turnip seed you'd treat him better on account of the misfortune of his birth."

"Well, now, you needn't talk to me no more, for I'm going to treat him as I see fit."

"Look here, ole feller, if I know of you hittin' that boy again, me an' a possu' of the neighbors will come over here an' hit you a hundred on your naked back."

"Yes, an' somebody'll get hurt."

"Ah, hah, an' you'll be the somebody. Mind what I tell you. Good day."

A few nights later one of the neighbors, while passing Page's house, heard some one cry, "Please don't hit me." Then he heard the sounds of blows, and then came sounds that made him shudder. Looking through a crack he saw old Page choking the boy. The man knocked on the door. Page seized his gun, and the man, unarmed, ran away. A half hour later old Mark Lane and several others went to Page's house. They knocked at the door. Page came out with his gun. Mark, with surprising quickness, took it away from him and threw him down. The men tied him. The little boy lay on the floor, dead. Mark tenderly placed the body on the bed, then turning to one of his companions, remarked:

"Get that rope over there and make a noose in it."

"What are you goin' to do?" howled old Page.

"We are going to hang you."

"You can't do it. Untie me."

"Oh, yes, we can do it. Tie the rope over that beam."

Old Page raved, then begged for his life. "I didn't go to kill him, gentlemen; swear to God I didn't. Got man an' grabbed him an' the first thing I knowed he was dead."

"Lift him up," said Mark.

"Gentlemen, for God's sake, don't hang me. Let me live and I—"

"Lift him up."

"Let me, pray, then."

"Let him pray," said Mark.

The old man sank down upon his knees, and after vainly endeavoring to pray, involuntary uttered these words:

"Please don't hit me."

"Lift him up. That's it."

"For God's—"

"Shove him off. There, let him swing."—[Arkansaw Traveler.

DOCTORING HORSES TO WIN.

Hypodermic Injections Administered to Weak-Hearted Horses.

One of the sensational features at the winter tracks during the season just closed was the administering to horses who "sulk" in races of a hypodermic injection of a sedative claimed to at once quiet their sulks and arouse, for the time being at least, their courage. For a long time before it was fairly known that the same was a chimera or a reality, it used to be rumored about before a race that So and So's horse "had the injection."

Inquiry revealed that "the injection" was not a chimera, but a reality, a young Missourian, P. B. Ring by name, formerly well known on the Western trotting circuit as the trainer and driver of Magoozler, was finally located as the originator of "the injection."

Since Mr. Ring left the trotting turf to become identified with the "bangtails" he has been more or less well known, and always favorably known as interested in several race horses in this vicinity, Free Lance being the last to carry his colors. Latterly, but particularly at the commencement of the season just closed, Mr. Ring became convinced that a hypodermic injection, at once harmless, sedative and stimulating, would be of benefit to horses who are found to sulk in races, or, in other words, to "soft-hearted" racers.

The idea no sooner originated than it was at once put into application. What the fluid used is composed of is Mr. Ring's secret. His charges have been nominal for the same, and he rightly enough has from the first made the stipulation of "No success, no cost to the owner of the horse." Whatever it is, it has shown itself to have no bad or deleterious effects, for the reason that horses that have experienced the treatment have not only been dependent on it, but have won races after its discontinuance.

One of the first to be treated was the mare Connemara last August at West Chester. The mare had been a notorious "sulker," and before the mile-and-five-furlong dash, won by Hindoocraft, Mr. Ring tried his hand, or rather hypodermic needle on her. The mare on that day led the party for nearly a mile and a half at such a pace that the merits of the treatment were manifest, though she did not win.

Later in the season, Mr. Ring began operations at Clifton and Guttenburg. Adonis and Specialty at Clifton were among the first he treated, and both ran good races at long shots under the influence of the injection. The last named mare won twice on successive race days, and later Lancaster Three times in succession. Bonanza, Adonis, Specialty, Barrister, Gendarme, Lottery, Top Sawyer, Cupid, Raveller and others won under its at once sedative and stimulating effects.

It has been claimed by some that any hypodermic injection must necessarily be injurious in its after effects, as well as leaving the animal dependent on it at all times. Nothing could be more true, but as yet it has not shown ill effects in this instance. The cases of the racers Specialty and Top Sawyer, who have received this treatment the most frequently, are to the point. Both have so far not become dependent upon the treatment, but appear to have improved on it, as their last two wins show, that of Top Sawyer at a mile in 1:43¾, at Guttenberg being the best race he has ever run. Therefore, "the injection" may be noted as not deleterious, while it seems to have been demonstrated to be most useful in cases of a "sulky" animal. Yet it is not possible that it will ever be used on any horse of value.—[Sporting World.

Stunning.

"What caused Goliath to fall down?"

"He was stunned."

"How?"

"David hit him with a stun."—Harper's Bazar.

"END OF THE CENTURY."

All Paris Has This Phrase on Its Lips To-Day.

A recent letter from Paris says: *Fin de siecle! End of century!* Are you *fin de siecle* in New York? If not, you are to be pitied, for you are not in the fashion. In Paris we are so *fin de siecle* that I ask myself what were Parisians before this phrase was invented. Perhaps you have heard that in this city live the wittiest people in the world. It is well to be witty, but how are we to recognize a witty person—one who has *esprit?*

Is *un homme d'esprit* one who makes remarks that are amusing as well as intelligent, or is he one who uses words, many words? *Entre nous*, I believe that Parisians belong to the latter category. Paris is the only city where a word, a phrase, becomes so quickly the fashion. For me *fin de siecle* has no meaning, and, more, it is a proof of intellectual degeneration, but it is what we hear constantly—I am, thou art, he is, we are, you are, *fin de siecle*. The play that has the greatest success is *fin de siecle*; the horse that wins at the *Concours Hippique* is *fin de siecle*; the Duke of Orleans defying the law is *fin de siecle*; a princess marries a groom—*fin de siecle*; gentlemen become circus-riders—*fin de siecle!* Zola dreams of a seat in the Academy—*fin de siecle!*

We are what we are because we are *fin de siecle*. Somewhere I have read this explanation: "At this epoch, when a century is dying; when that by which it will be replaced is not yet born; when man's mind, like his conscience, stumbles without assurance through the shadows that follow twilight and precede aurora, it is a period full of hesitation, of surprises, of shocks, but also full of charm."

Yesterday I asked a real Parisian who invented the phrase *fin de siecle*. "The genius," he replied in the most serious manner, "the genius who had this inspiration is not known; it is a pity, for to-day every Parisian claims the honor of coining this philosophical phrase. Do not ridicule the phrase, I beg you; these three little words, *fin de siecle*, seem of no importance, but they mean much, and how far superior to the words *chic, pschutt, vlan, epatant*—all words, to a certain extent, accepted in America and England. *Fin de siecle* has a literary turn, is a mixture of bitter irony and refined psychology. It is not a phrase made by chance, a phrase whose success is a surprise. *Fin de siecle* has a precise meaning; it means we have reached the end of a century, of a great century, since it is our own."

This excellent Parisian likes to use words, and, unfortunately, all Parisians resemble him in this respect. To hear them talk one could believe that the nineteenth century will end in ten years only for them. Until that day they will remain *fin de siecle*, and on January 1, 1901, they will become *commencement de siecle*. In a state of perpetual agitation, burning the candle at both ends, Parisians imagine that, this century finished, the next day they will regain their equilibrium. I hope their wishes may be realized, but while waiting let them seek for the wit of their fathers, who could really flatter themselves they possessed *esprit*.

BARONESS ALTHEA SALVADOR.

HERE'S A NEW SWINDLE.

A Pretty Woman and Her Intoxicated Husband Work it Nicely.

The ingenuity of the New York sharper is proverbial, says the New York *Press*, but the latest swindling scheme that has been developed really soars into the realms of high art. It is being worked by a very clever couple—a medium-sized, rather nice looking man, and a delicate, modest appearing woman. How many times they have been successful is not known, for the police have not yet been informed of their operations.

"When I was coming from my house to the elevated station," said a prosperous looking gentleman the other day at lunch with the air of a man who has a story to tell, "there came round the corner, just in front of me, a pretty, modest looking little woman trying to lead a very drunken man. The fellow was well dressed and not bad looking, but he was horribly drunk. He would lurch over against her every few steps and nearly knocked her over several times. Through it all he was good natured, even drunkenly affectionate.

"As I passed them he lurched against me, and the woman, who naturally seemed distressed, spoke: 'Would you be so kind as to help me take my husband home?' she said. 'It is only around the corner, but I'm afraid he will push me down. He's been out all night and I must get him home.' The appeal was so simple and pathetic that I of course took hold of his other arm and steadied him around the corner and saw him safe in the hallway of one of the big flats. I noticed that he leaned up against me once or twice, but I thought nothing of it until I reached the City Hall station, when I went to look at my watch. It was gone, and my pocketbook had evidently departed to keep it company. He certainly could not have picked my pocket if he had been as drunk as he seemed to be," continued the old gentleman sagaciously.

"That was this morning" queried a member of the party, who had listened to the recital with much interest.

"Yes."

"Well, I guess it must be the same couple who played exactly the same game on me one day last week. They took $130 in cash and a $200 watch from me."

"Well, they got fifty odd dollars from me, but my watch was worth $200," said the first speaker. "I went to inquire about them at the flat, but no such people lived there. They probably only stood in the hallway until I got out of sight.

"Why don't you apply to the police?" inquired a friend.

"I'd rather bear the loss than have the story with my name in the papers," they chorused in answer.

And so this ingenious couple are probably going on reaping a rich harvest among kindly disposed people. There are two middle aged gentlemen in New York, however, who, if they see a man zigzagging down the street under the guidance of a quiet little woman, will let him zigzag, philanthropy being, in their opinions, too expensive.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Fiction is Gospel Compared With the Average Snake Story.

Seventeen years ago I lived with my father and mother on the banks of the Stranger river in Atchison county, Kansas. I was only 7 years of age, and one day my youthful fancy was caught by the pretty colors of a blacksnake. I pulled a small ring off my finger and a string out of my pocket. Placing the ring over the head of the snake, I started home in triumph, dragging the snake at my heels, and feeling as much a conqueror as the Roman emperor who dragged his captives behind his chariots. In climbing over a fence my captive made its escape. Ring, string, everything disappeared.

I shed a few tears at the time, but had forgotten the matter until this week, when I returned to the vicinity of my old home in Atchison county for the purpose of buying some sheep. While crossing a small creek that flows into the Stranger river my attention was called by the barking of my dog to a strange something in a tree. Investigated and found there an immense black snake, fully ten feet long. Between the dog and myself, we succeeded in killing the snake, though I was obliged to use in the warfare both a club and a revolver. The dog finished the snake by giving it a shaking and tearing it in pieces.

You will hardly believe me, I know, but you can have my head if it wasn't the same identical snake that got away from me seventeen years ago. How do I know? Simple enough. That little blacksnake had grown to be a monstrous big one, the little silver ring around its neck had grown until it was as large as a lady's bracelet, and the piece of twine had grown until it had become a good-sized rope. But the strangest part of all was that the dog had shaken out seventeen little blacksnakes, and that each one was the exact counterpart of the snake that made its escape from me in the long ago, while around the necks of each of the seventeen young ones were silver rings, and attached to these rings were short pieces of twine. And upon each one of these silver rings you could plainly distinguish the initials of my name just as they had been stamped in the silver ring that I wore when 7 years old.—[Kansas City Times.

Modern Richelieus.

American Business Man—"Now, sir, you have all the details of my new manufacturing scheme. If we succeed, we'll make millions."

Timid Capitalist—"But if we should fail?"

American Business Man—"Fail? In the bright lexicon of American enterprise there's no such word as fail—because cause means a thing doesn't pay we can always unload on an English syndicate.—[New York Weekly.

A Judge's Duties.

Great Jurist's Wife—"What makes you so tired to-night?"

Judge—"I had to charge a jury in an important case this afternoon."

"Oh. I suppose it is a great strain to recall all the details of a case."

"It isn't that. That is easy. It's being obliged to talk to a jury thirty long minutes without saying anything." [New York Weekly.

Convincing Evidence

That Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures Rheumatism and kindred complaints is abundant. This medicine eradicates from the blood all trace of the disease, and so invigorates the system that a perfect restoration to health is inevitable.

"In Oakland, La., 22 years ago, I had been sick a year and a half with sciatic rheumatism. The extreme pains that I suffered wasted my flesh to the bone, and my strength and vitality were well nigh exhausted. My skin was yellow and rough, showing a bad state of the blood, and it is more than likely that blood poison existed, as I have taken large quantities of mercury. After the sciatica was in a measure under control, I was put under treatment to cleanse the blood and give me strength. This was continued several weeks, but to no purpose. My physician then suggested the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and it is to this medicine I owe my restoration to health. From actual experience in the use of various blood-purifiers, I am confident that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has no equal."—J. W. Pickle, Farmerville, La.

"I have known Mr. J. W. Pickle for many years, and consider him a truthful man."—R. B. Dawkins, Mayor of Farmerville, La.

☞ Be sure, in making your purchase, that the druggist gives you

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

—FOR—

Rheumatism.

"During the past year my joints, which had become stiff and sore, caused me great pain, especially at the close of a day's work. At times my fingers were so lame I was unable to hold a needle, while the pain at night prevented my sleeping. I suffered also from nervous chills and a want of appetite. I tried outward applications and took remedies prescribed by my doctor; but all to no purpose. A short time ago my son-in-law, Wm. Woods, of Hollis, N. H., was cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla of an inflammatory disease of the eyes, and seeing him so much benefited, I thought I would try this medicine for my own trouble. The result is a complete cure of the pains, stiffness, and swelling from which I suffered so much. The Sarsaparilla has had a good effect on my appetite and nerves, so that I have better strength and no more chills."—Eliza Halvorson, Nashua, N. H.

"After being many years afflicted with rheumatism, I have used Ay

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1890.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 100,000.

OUR NEW DRESS.

To-day THE BLADE appears in a new spring dress, albeit the Easter season is past. We trust the clean, bright face of the new type will be an agreeable change from that discarded. The body of the type is the same as the old—minion and nonpariel—but the face is larger, and will be much more pleasant to the eye.

In procuring the present beautiful dress for THE BLADE we have desired not only to keep in the front rank, but to get in advance of the average newspaper of the present day, and so improve the mechanical department as to make it correspond in excellence with the news and literary merits of THE BLADE. To this end we had the present dress made expressly for us, and with improvements in the press work we shall make THE BLADE still more worthy the extended popularity which it enjoys.

This dress is from the well-known type foundry of Messrs. FARMER, LITTLE & Co., New York, and the beauty of its face and proportions is as creditable to their artistic taste as the splendid finish is to the mechanical excellence of their work.

THE STEEL RAIL DUTY.

A correspondent at Cooney, Ohio, propounds this question:

If the United States can produce articles cheaper than England—and I saw in THE BLADE a while ago that steel rails in this country are worth $36 and in England $36.75—how can free trade hurt our manufactories, as it can't take the market away?

Our correspondent seems to forget that it is through the tariff that the United States raises the greater part of its revenue. If we were to adopt a free trade policy, we would be obliged to raise the money we now get from duties on imported articles by direct taxation upon the states, in proportion to the population.

Probably he intended to inquire why, in the case given, the duty could not be abolished on steel rails, for instance. We might ask in return what possible hurt it can do to let it remain, as it is as plain as the sun at noonday that it does not add one cent to the cost of American-made rails, and is a standing refutation of the assertion of CLEVELAND that the "consumer pays the duty." Because a fence kept stray cattle from getting in and destroying your crops, you do not tear down the fence because their owner has penned up his cattle. You leave it to protect the grain in case of an emergency.

Just so with the tariff on steel rails. A revulsion might come, as the conditions of trade and manufacture are undergoing constant change, and the rail mills of England be enabled to undersell our own rail mills for a time—to the detriment of the thousands of industrious American workmen who are employed therein. Hon. WM. MCKINLEY says on this point:

The iron industry of this country should be fully protected in case of emergency, even though at this particular time there may be no danger from outside. It is a fact that while we were selling rails here at from $33 to $35 under a protective tariff, they were selling in England at $36.50 a ton. That showed conclusively that foreign competition shut out our domestic competition produced rails cheaper than they could be produced abroad. We can stand a reduction here to $12 a ton to protect our Pacific and gulf trade. I have no doubt that an adequate protection to our iron manufacturers in this country, with a view to future possibilities, will be the final arrangement of the schedules in the bill.

THE international copyright bill was defeated in the House of Representatives on Friday by a vote of 130 to 98. This is sincerely to be regretted. The bill simply gives to foreign authors the right to their own literary property in this country, under proper regulations. The vote in the House was simply an endorsement of the present system of pirating and stealing. Party lines were not closely drawn on the bill, but nearly two-thirds of the votes in its favor were Republican, while a large majority of the votes against it were Democratic. The cry was raised that it would compel people to pay a little more when they bought the reprints of the works of foreign authors—a totally mistaken idea—and it seemed potent enough to catch most of the Democratic votes and some of the Republican ones.

PRESIDENT HARRISON'S second veto is that of a bill for a $250,000 extension of a public building. His grounds are twofold—first, that the sum originally asked for was only $100,000, and that this is clearly enough; second, that while erections of and additions to public buildings are matters of local necessity and convenience,

Expenditures for enlarged relief and recognition of the soldiers and sailors of the war for the preservation of the Union, for necessary coast defences and for the extension of our commerce with other American states are of universal necessity and involve considerations not of convenience, but of justice, honor, safety and general prosperity.

The President certainly takes proper ground in this matter, and his veto is probably intended to notify Congress that a halt must be called on wholesale legislation for public buildings, for which purpose there are dozens of bills pending, in order that the government may be able to do justice to the soldiers, and for the other purposes mentioned. He should be applauded for the stand he has taken.

CONGRESS finds it impossible to provide for one cent postage, and it may be impossible to provide for service pensions, but the latter should be done if the ends will meet.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Make the ends meet by stopping the erection of public buildings in small towns and cities, in "improving" wet-weather streams; and by closing up the thousand small leaks; and then, if there isn't money enough, eliminate the repeal of the tobacco tax from the McKinley tariff bill, and double the tax on whisky. The ends can be made to meet if Congress seriously desires to have them do so.

WHILE there are some ugly features in the labor situation abroad, the utter failure of the socialists to involve the working masses in rioting and pillage on May 1 has given great confidence to European capital, and every continental bourse has since shown a strengthening of prices and an increase of speculation.

DEMOCRATIC papers that are contrasting the proposition of the English government to reduce the duty on tea with the increase of duty on some articles in the McKinley tariff bill, probably forget that this country has not collected any duty on tea, one of the poor man's necessities, for eighteen years.

PRESIDENT HARRISON will attend the dedication of the splendid Garfield monument in Lake View cemetery, Cleveland, on Memorial Day, May 30. Ohio will be glad to welcome him within her borders, especially as he comes to pay a merited tribute to the memory of the martyr President.

INTER-STATE RUM TRAFFIC.

The decision of the Supreme court of the United States in the Iowa liquor case bids fair to become a landmark in the history of the interpretation of the federal constitution. No decision so far-reaching in its effects has been made by that tribunal for years. The case in which the decision was made was as follows: A firm in Peoria, Ill., named GUS. LIESY & Co., shipped a quantity of beer, in kegs, into Iowa to be sold. The beer was seized, on the charge that it was in violation of the latest law of Iowa to sell it there, in that it was an intoxicating beverage. The cause was decided in favor of the Iowa statutes by the lower courts, and came to the United States Supreme court on appeal. That tribunal has reversed the decision of the lower court, and remanded it for further proceedings not inconsistent with the opinion now given.

The Supreme court holds that a state can not prohibit the importation into its territory of any article, liquors not excepted, from other states; that the right to import carries with it the right to sell in original packages; hence, that the state can not prevent their sale to other parties. The ground on which this decision is made is that any such law as the Iowa one assumes to regulate commerce between the states, which is among the powers granted to Congress by the federal constitution, and hence can not be exercised by the states. The language of the decision on this point is:

That ardent spirits are subjects of inter-state commerce can not be denied. Whenever a law of a state amounts essentially to a regulation of commerce, as it does when it inhibits directly or indirectly the receipt of an imported commodity, or its disposition before it has ceased to be an article of trade between one state another, it comes in conflict with a power which in this particular has been exclusively vested in the general government, and is therefore void.

The right of the state to tax, regulate or prohibit is expressly sustained by the decision, however, in the following words:

Undoubtedly it is for the legislative branch of the state government to determine whether the manufacture of particular articles of traffic will injuriously affect the public, and it is not for Congress to determine what measures a state may properly adopt as appropriate or needful for the protection of the public morals, life or safety.

This decision has the assent of six of the nine justices of the Supreme court—Messrs. FULLER and LAMAR, the two Democratic justices, being among the number. The other three—Justices GRAY, of Massachusetts; HARLAN, of Kentucky, and BREWER, of Kansas—differ from the decision of the majority, and present a dissenting opinion, based on the ground that each state has a right, in the exercise of its police power, to regulate a traffic injurious to the morals and welfare of the people, and that it is not the intent of the federal constitution to include intoxicating liquors among articles of inter-state commerce that cannot be touched by the states. They say:

If the statutes of a state restricting or prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors within its territory are to be held inoperative and void as applied to liquors sent or brought from another state and sold by the importer in what are called original packages, the consequences must be that an inhabitant of any state may, under the pretext of trade between the commonwealths, without license or supervision or any public authority, carry or send into, and sell in, any or all of the other states of the Union, intoxicating liquors of whatever description, in casks or kegs, or even in single bottles or flasks, despite any legislation of those states on the subject, and although his own state should be the only one which had not enacted similar laws. We would require affirmative legislation on the part of Congress to convince the United States that the constitution contemplated such a result.

The majority opinion of course stands, and no state can now prohibit the importation of any article from any other state, or the sale thereof in the original packages by the importer. It may prevent any further sale, however. But what are "original packages?" In the Iowa case they were kegs of beer. Suppose whisky were brought from another state in pint flasks, beer in bottles, etc.; are the flasks and bottles "original packages," or does that term refer to the cases in which they are packed? We are not aware that this point has ever been decided; but if the assumption in the dissenting opinion is correct, each single flask or bottle is an "original package," and therefore every Rum-seller has only to buy his Rum outside the state, and sell it in these bottles instead of by the glass, to enable him to snap his fingers at any state prohibitory law. It is safe to say that not one of the framers of the constitution ever dreamed of the extension of the scope of this power which has resulted from the invention of the railway and the increasing complexity of our modern civilization.

In this decision the Supreme court has reversed a decision made years ago, when it held that a New Hampshire dealer could not ship into Vermont, contrary to the prohibitory law of the latter state, a barrel of gin, and sell the same in the original barrel. In that case, however, we believe no attention was called to the clause of the constitution giving Congress control of commerce between the states. That clause has never been of any particular importance until within the past few years; for at the time of the adoption of the constitution there were no inter-state canals and no railroads, and the power it confers was evidently given to Congress to avoid friction between two or more states concerning the navigation of rivers and lakes.

The decision extends much further than to liquor. It applies to all articles. It will prevent any legislation against the importation of dressed beef, or oleomargarine, from one state into another; and there are probably many other cases in which it will apply. But it is now the law, and must stand, unless one of two things is done: First, the passage of a law by Congress prohibiting the importation into and sale of any article the sale or manufacture of which is prohibited by the laws of that state; second, a reversal of its decision by the Supreme court, in another case.

But the decision by no means destroys the value of all Prohibitory laws. The liquor cannot be sold save in the "original packages;" hence the sale by the drink is entirely within the power of the state, for the "original package" would have to be broken in order to drink. Therefore, the saloon can still be crushed out, and it will not stand as a constant temptation and menace to the homes and firesides of the people. Nor should the decision interfere to check the progress of the campaign for the amendment in Nebraska. Even if nothing is accomplished by it but to destroy the saloon, it is worth its cost; for with the disappearance of the saloon its evil departs, and a gain is made in the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE attempt of the Arkansas Democrats to fasten the murder of CLAYTON upon a dead man is disposed of by the widow of the alleged murderer and the family physician, who state he was in bed sick with the dropsy at the time of the assassination. There is still work for the Congressional committee.

THE liquor decision of the United States Supreme court deals a heavy blow at the state rights' doctrine—the hardest it has received since the war. And the fun of it is that the two Democratic justices—FULLER and LAMAR—concurred therein, thus knifing the dearest tenet of the Southern Bourbons.

WORTH ACCEPTING.

A Handsome Illustrated Book, Worth $3.50, Given to Blade Subscribers for Simply Cost of Postage and Mailing.

We have ordered from the publishers, newly printed and bound, an edition of 5,000 copies of "NASBY IN EXILE," the last and best work of Mr. D. R. LOCKE issued in book form, which we propose to present to BLADE readers at a nominal price. "Nasby in Exile" is a complete history of Mr. LOCKE'S travels in Europe, not long preceding his death. It was published at great expense, the illustrations, which were drawn and engraved especially for it, alone costing nearly $3,000.

The volume is a large octavo, printed on a superior quality of book paper, containing about 700 pages, and several hundred illustrations. It is one of the best descriptive books since MARK TWAIN'S "Innocents Abroad," and its equal in merit, if not its superior, as it has the advantage of being much later and newer. The edition is now in the binders' hands; they are not dusty, shopworn volumes, but fresh and new.

The actual cost to us per volume (with wrapping and postage), aside from the original investment of several thousand dollars for the plates and illustrations, is 86 cents each. The retail price at any bookstore for a volume of this size and quality would be $3.00 to $3.50 each, without postage. We believe every reader of the BLADE who has not yet obtained it will desire a copy at the absurdly low price we now place upon it, and we hope to dispose of our 5,000 edition during June and July.

Now for a Remarkable Offer:

We propose to send postpaid by mail, to any subscriber or reader of this proposition, a copy of this book, "Nasby in Exile," with the Weekly BLADE for six months, for only ONE DOLLAR. The price of the Weekly BLADE for six months is 60 cents; and by taking this from $1, you can see this only leaves 40 cents for the book; and as the postage on each one is 22 cents, and the wrapping and mailing cost a few cents, we only get about 15 cents each for them. Our object is to give the book a wide circulation, as well as to favor our patrons. THE BLADE takes opportunity, whenever offered, of giving its subscribers such favors as it can, without profit. Any one who has been a subscriber for the past four or five years has had the opportunity to realize benefits, other than reading the paper itself, which more than repaid the price of THE BLADE.

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SECOND—Every person now a subscriber to the Weekly BLADE can get a neighbor to subscribe for six months; he can add enough to the latter to make up $1, and we will send the book to him and the Weekly BLADE to any address ordered, whether at his own postoffice or some other. We would like to have every present subscriber who desires the book obtain it in this way, as our object in this offer is to increase the circulation of the Weekly BLADE.

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If ever so liberal an offer has been made by any publisher in the United States, we have yet to hear it. We firmly believe no *bona fide* offer was ever made that gave so much value for so little money as that we give above. We have made preparations to mail the books, as fast as orders are received, at the rate of several hundred per day. We ask every BLADE reader to show this offer to his friends and neighbors, and aid us in having the books promptly taken. Address all orders: "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

IT has been one of the reproaches of the present tariff that it imposes no limit on on the amount of wearing apparel persons arriving in this country from Europe may bring with them, free of duty, if for their own use. The new tariff bill corrects this by exempting only $500 worth from duty. Any one who is able to buy more than that amount of clothing at one time is able to pay the duty thereon, and there will certainly be a hearty concurrence in Mr. MCKINLEY'S report on this point, which says:

Persons who can afford to go abroad and make such purchases ought not to be allowed the privilege of their free importation. They should not, because of exceptional wealth, be accorded advantages forbidden to the average citizen. The proposed limit of $500 is ample for the comfort and convenience, and it is believed that this restriction will check the existing practice, which is not only hurtful to the revenue but injurious and unjust to importers and domestic manufacturers of such articles.

THE evidence being overwhelming that, under the duty proposed on tin plate by the new McKinley tariff bill, it will be paid by the British manufacturers in their effort to undersell the American makers first starting in business, the Boston *Globe*, a free trade Democratic organ, wails out:

Should not we Americans be heartily ashamed of ourselves for meanly making poor Welsh workmen pay our taxes? The taxes that must be paid for the support of our government, or even for the support of our legally protected monopolies, should be paid by Americans, not by Welshmen.

We rise to respectfully remark that we are far more solicitous for the welfare of the 70,000 American workmen to whom the American tin-plate industry will give employment within two years than to that of any foreign workmen whatsoever.

THE live citizens of Tacoma, Washington, have raised a $75,000 annual subsidy for a line of steamers between their port and China and Japan. We expect to hear that this action severely shocks our mugwump and free trade friends, who object strongly to any adoption of the English (and European) system of subsidies to aid commerce, which is the only method by which we can build up a merchant marine. The increased trade Tacoma will enjoy will enable her merchants to listen to the mugwumps' tirade with equanimity.

THINGS are not as harmonious in the United States of Brazil as every true American would like to see them. The military is said to be discontented, and this feeling is growing. So strong is it that three battalions of infantry, under orders to embark at Rio Janeiro for duty in the southern provinces refused to go, and after three days of ineffectual effort the obnoxious order had to be rescinded by the government. The empire was overturned by the military, and the soldiers seem to feel that they are privileged characters.

THE pretense of antagonism to trusts by the Ohio Ripper legislature is shown by the ease with which an anti-trust bill was tucked away to sleep till next winter, instead of being promptly enacted.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

There was more activity in the stock market last week than during the week previous, and there appears to be a better and firmer general tone. The two bank failures in Philadelphia, about which a good deal was telegraphed, resulted entirely from local causes and had no effect upon the general business either in that city or in New York. Money was a little higher in Wall street, which, it is claimed, was partly due to a shifting of loans incident to the 1st of May payments, to a fluctuating market resulting from low reserves in the banks, and the fact that the government revenue receipts in New York were more than the disbursements there. Upon this subject the *Financial Chronicle* says:

With regard to the accumulations by the Treasury, we received yesterday the monthly statement which shows how considerable a drain on the New York bank reserves the net movement into the Treasury must have caused during the last three weeks of April. The amount of cash holdings by the government on the first of April was, as our readers will remember from the figures we then published, 285¼ million dollars. On that day $6,094,441 of interest was due on the 4 per cents, almost all of which must have been paid during the first week. Deducting, however, only $5,000,000 on that account, (so as to allow something for an excess of revenue receipts over disbursements during that week), we would have left in the sub-treasury at the beginning of the second week of April 280¼ million dollars. The statement for last week shows that the government holdings of cash were on May 1 about 237½ million dollars, which would indicate an accumulation during the last three weeks of about 7¼ million dollars, from which of course should be deducted the coinage (we have not yet received the coinage statement as we write,) less bank note withdrawals. Our reason for thus estimating the movement during these three weeks was some remarks which questioned that part of our weekly figures of currency changes in bank, and these suggestions confirm the accuracy of our compilation. The full month's result may be gathered from the statements issued by the department for April 1 and May 1, which are subjoined:

Net Currency Holdings by Treasurer.	1890. *April 1.*	*May 1.*
Gold coin and bullion	$185,287,716	$186,235,573
Silver coin and bullion	16,865,949	16,864,020
Legal tender notes	6,919,657	7,309,411
National bank notes in cash	102,968	135,702
National bank notes in redemption	2,834,208	3,806,834
Fractional silver in cash	23,047,819	23,212,458
Total government cash in sub-treasury	$235,258,337	$237,464,008

The above figures show that notwithstanding the disbursement for interest noted above, the sub-treasury held nearly 2¼ millions more cash on May 1 than on April 1.

The average rate for money was 4¼ per cent, at which renewals were made, and the range on call was 8 and 3½ per cent. The anticipated labor demonstrations on May 1 kept the European and especially the Continental markets in a state of suspense up to Thursday, but then the rates were: London 1⅝@1⅝, Paris 2¼, Berlin 2¾, and Frankfort 2⅜ per cent.

Our foreign exchange market was heavy last week under the influence of offerings of bills drawn against outgoing securities.

As to railroads the increase in the Pennsylvania dividend which was inevitable because no railroad company in the country has been able to show such continuously heavy gains in earnings, scored to stimulate actively. This was confirmed by the increased earnings reported for April by Union Pacific, Burlington & Quincy, and the Atchison.

Of course there is still uncertainty as regards silver legislation, but no great danger is apprehended. The stock market has not been so strong and active in a long time and the outlook is cheerful.

"ANDERSONVILLE" GOING FAST.

Several weeks ago we announced that we had printed 1,300 copies of "Andersonville," and that when they were exhausted the book will be out of print, and therefore unobtainable. Since that time we have sold about 700 copies. Therefore, but 600 copies remain; and it may be taken as a fact that those who do not order within 30 days will be too late. All will be gone.

The book is one which every one interested in the war of the rebellion should have. It is the recital of the experience of JOHN MCELROY in Andersonville and other rebel prisons, and gives the best history of life in the prison-pens of the South which has ever been published. It is a large volume—so large that the postage on it is 25 cents—and was originally sold by subscription at $3 per copy. We will now send a copy by mail, postpaid, for $1.25. Remember this is the last chance; when the 1,300 copies now on hand are sold, the book will be out of print. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

WHAT'S the matter with our Democratic contemporary, the Chicago *Herald*? The following paragraph appears in a column of miscellaneous items on its editorial page:

Twenty known survivors of the battle of Balaklava have been found in a London work house. A public subscription was lately started for their relief, the sum total of which up to date is $130. If they had fought for this country as they did for England our pension system would have taken good care of them *and nobody would have complained, either.* The private soldier has to take care of himself in England.

The italics are ours; and the sentence so marked is the one which excites our surprise. Does the *Herald* think its party friends, Representative STONE, of Missouri, WATTERSON, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, and other distinguished Democrats in and out of Congress, are not complaining over our pension system?

IT should not be forgotten that the new tariff bill admits all sugar free up to No. 16, Dutch standard. This means that all the brown and light brown sugars shall come in duty free. The people who buy the finer kinds of white sugar are able to pay the duty thereon. Do not forget that, as it is impossible for us to grow more than one-tenth of the sugar that we consume, the duty becomes simply a revenue duty, and is paid by the consumer—which is not the case with the articles of necessity, of which we can and do produce or manufacture all we require. In such a case, the price does not include the duty, *unless you buy the imported article.* Where you buy the American product, the duty cuts no figure.

ONE of the strongest reasons why Great Britain persistently refuses to enter upon an international arrangement to readjust the ratio between gold and silver is found in the ignorant conservatism of the many millions of native population in her Indian empire. English merchants can buy silver at 95 cents per ounce, or thereabout, coin it into rupees in India (the rupee is worth about 24 cents, and is the coin in which accounts are kept in India), and with this 95 cents' worth of silver thus coined they can buy $1.38 worth of India wheat to ship to England. Is not there a lesson in this to our Western farmers who insist on raising wheat in competition with India?

AN infamous amendment is proposed to the state constitution of Georgia, by which the taxes paid by the whites shall be used exclusively in educating white children. The rank injustice of such a scheme is obvious. The taxes on rented property are always really paid by the renters, not the owner—the rent always including the taxes, in practice. But the white Georgians seem in such deadly fear of the negro that they propose an act of absolute injustice in order to keep him ignorant.

AT the last Ohio election it was a Republican "off year." It is the Democrats who will be off next November.

A SOUTHERN SCARE.

It seems to be a part of the creed of the leaders of the Democratic party—especially of the Southern wing—that the people are fools, and therefore that a lie is just as good as the truth. On no other hypothesis can the stupendous lie sent out from Pittsburg to Democratic papers be explained. The following synopsis of this two-column falsehood we quote from the editorial columns of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, where it appears in all the dignity of double leads:

Away back in the presidential campaign of 1888 the *Courier-Journal* was the first paper to warn the country that upon the result of the national election depended the fairness of the census of 1890. We predicted that with a Republican President this year the Republican party would manipulate the census with a view to retaining power for the next decade.

The first step toward carrying out the scheme was taken in the appointment of Robert P. Porter, whose business for years had been to cook statistics in the interest of partisan masters. Another flash of light is turned upon the desperate conspiracy through the *Courier-Journal's* dispatch from Pittsburg this morning. At the Americus club banquet in that city Frank W. Leach, the private secretary of Senator Quay, became drunk enough to boast of the plans of his chief—plans of which the *Courier-Journal* months ago gave warning.

According to Leach the conspiracy proposes a reduction of Southern, and an increase of Northwestern, representation in Congress. The census takers are to be color-blind in the South and to see double in the Northwest—to forget to count the Southern blacks and atone for this by counting twice the Northwestern whites. This work is to be done before the expiration of June; Porter is to certify it to Congress, and that body before adjournment is to force through under its gag rules a new apportionment greatly increasing Republican Congressional districts and electoral votes.

The leading Democratic papers of the North, with but few exceptions, refused to publish the preposterous mess; but those of the South all give it in full, and exhaust the entire Bourbon vocabulary of invective in denouncing it. There is a reason for this. Our Southern friends have become so used to retaining political power by force and fraud of all sorts, that they imagine the Northern people are as great scoundrels in this matter as themselves, and hence appear really to believe this invention of some Pittsburg reporter.

We can reassure the frightened Southern Bourbons. The census is going to be an honest one, and the Republican party is going to stay in power by the favor of a free people, not by methods copied from the land of the shot gun and farcical elections. It might have occurred to them, had they not gotten so badly scared, that the plan outlined is utterly impossible of execution without discovery, which would entirely nullify it. As for Mr. PORTER, he is an honorable man, and from what we know of him we are assured he can not be made a party to any such scoundrelism. Aside from this, he could not do it, even if he wished. He was shown the article, and laughed as he said:

It is simply ridiculous. This insists that we are going to undercount the negro votes. A Philadelphia paper contends that we propose to overcount them. The dispatches containing these conflicting statements apparently emanate from the same source—Pittsburg. Until I know which scheme is the correct one I cannot very well make intelligent comment.

It is perhaps unnecessary to say, however, that I would be powerless to perfect either plan, even though I wished to do so. Every one of the 175 supervisors appointed is a man of integrity. Several of those in the South are Democrats, and even the Republican supervisors there have been endorsed by leading Democrats. They can be depended upon to give us an absolutely honest census. Really, though, the tale is hardly worthy of notice. Mr. Leach is a man of too much sense to have uttered such a statement as he is alleged to have made.

We trust our Southern brethren will breathe easier. If they will learn from this not to feed their benighted readers on such lies, the Pittsburg Munchausen story will not have been without some good effect.

SEVERAL of the European powers have proposed to unite against American protection. That's all right; let them unite if they want to. But their anxiety about the proposed tariff bill rather vitiates the argument of the free traders that the consumer pays all the duty, don't it? If the burden falls on the consumer, there is certainly no reason why foreign manufacturers should be alarmed. But it don't, and the free traders know it don't, and this European anxiety is the best proof that it don't. Well, we are not interested in European but in American manufacturers, and the MCKINLEY tariff bill will pass.

THE President has sent to the House committee on Appropriations for a list of all the bills passed and pending which carry appropriations. Over one hundred bill, mostly for public buildings, are on the calendars of the House and Senate, while twenty-two House bills await action by the Senate, and fifteen Senate bills await the action of the House. Mr. HARRISON'S action is significant. He proposes to call a halt on the log-rolling among Representatives to help one another to "get solid" through bills to erect public buildings in the towns where they reside.

THE following is an exact copy of a letter received by Postmaster General WANAMAKER from some scoundrel in Moorhead, North Carolida:

Sir—One of your "Coons" has been appointed p m. at This place, and if you intend to have a "Coon" fill the office You had Better have Your Eyes on another one equally as capable, as the Present incumbent Might Possiby "Disappear at any Moment."

WHITE CAPS.

This is but a sample of a number of similar missives received by the department. And yet there are men, both North and South, who have the hardihood to declare that there is no "Southern question!"

SINCE the Democrats were successful in Rhode Island under the operation of the Australian ballot law, the party leaders are well satisfied, so far as that state is concerned. But they vigorously oppose the application of this system to Federal elections in the Southern states. Why? Because they know that a free ballot and a fair count would show the iniquity of all former elections in that section. The Australian system of voting and the American system of counting have got to come in the South, however, and the Bourbons cannot prevent it.

THE insincerity of the *Standard*, HENRY GEORGE'S organ, in its advocacy of ballot reform is shown by its opposition to the Lodge national election bill, which would secure an honest vote and a fair count in every Congressional election in the country. Pray, if ballot reform is a good thing in a state election, why is it not in a national one, Mr. *Standard?* Or are you owned by the Southern Bourbons?

IT may be set down as an absolute financial truth that an increase of currency above the needs of circulation is just as dangerous in its way as a contraction below that point. The line to be observed by Congress in silver legislation should be to secure enough currency for the people's needs, neither stopping below that limit nor going beyond it.

REPRESENTATIVE KERR, of Iowa, has reported a bill to the House to prohibit the transportation of liquor into prohibition states, contrary to their laws. Now let Congress pass it at once, and the evil effects of the late decision of the Supreme court will be immediately overcome.

IT rather knocks the argument that prohibition is costly, in that it increases taxation through the loss of license fees, to find that the state of of Iowa is out of debt and has something near $200,000 in her treasury. Facts speak louder than words.

OUR PRECIOUS METAL PRODUCT.

The annual report of the director of the United States Mint is of special interest just at this time, now that silver legislation of an important character is pretty well assured on the part of Congress. We present in tabular form his figures of the total product of both precious metals from the mines of the United States for the past eight years:

Years.	Market Value. Gold.	Silver.
1881	$34,700,000	$45,000,000
1882	32,500,000	46,800,000
1883	30,000,000	46,200,000
1884	30,800,000	47,800,000
1885	31,800,000	51,600,000
1886	35,000,000	51,000,000
1887	33,000,000	53,357,000
1888	33,000,000	49,020,000
1889	32,800,000	46,750,000

The silver output last year was 50,000,000 fine ounces, whose value at the market rate, as shown by the table above, is $46,750,000, but which, if all coined, would have a face value of $64,646,464. To this must be added about 12,000,000 ounces, imported from Mexico in lead ores and base silver bars. This makes a total of 62,000,000 ounces put upon our market the past year. The director estimates that about 7,000,000 ounces were used in the arts during the year.

We give the above facts in detail, for they are of interest in discussing the effect of the silver bill now before Congress if it shall become a law. As that measure now stands, it calls for the purchase of 54,000,000 ounces by the government each year. This is evidently designed for the absorption of practically all the silver produced by us, except that used in the arts; and no doubt the figures were placed at 54,000,000 ounces for this purpose. This will have the effect of increasing the market price somewhat; but that it will not bring silver up to the ratio fixed by law between it and gold is the opinion of the soundest economists. That can only be reached by an international agreement among the civilized nations of the world—which could be reached, were it not that Great Britain stubbornly refuses to enter into any such negotiation; and such an agreement, with her left out, would be like the play of "Hamlet" with HAMLET omitted—a farce.

JAMES B. BECK.

The sudden death of Senator JAMES B. BECK, of Kentucky, which occurred on Saturday last, removes from public life a man whom the people, as well as his colleagues in the Senate, without regard to party, have learned to greatly respect. Of Scotch birth, he would naturally have become a Republican when he reached this country, had he settled in the North. But he made his home in a pro-slavery state, and the Kentucky environments were too strong to be resisted, so he imbibed all the traditions and principles of the Democratic party. Having done this, he fought for the party with all the strength of his earnest nature.

He was head and shoulders above any Democrat in the Senate, and his loss to the party is a severe one. He was manly in his warfare in behalf of his party and would never descend to sneak trickery in order to gain a partisan advantage. Even though his health has prevented him from active participation in his Senatorial duties for some months, his advice has been eagerly sought by his Democratic colleagues, and has been freely given. Personally Mr. BECK was of a most companionable disposition and was greatly loved by all who knew him.

ROSA BONHEUR'S "HORSE FAIR."

The price of the Weekly BLADE has always been 30 cents to three-months' subscribers, as all know. We have sold an enormous number of ROSA BONHEUR'S "Horse Fair"—a magnificent colored engraving of the celebrated original painting—which has always been retailed by everybody else at 50 cents, but of which we have sent out thousands at 25 cents each. We have now ordered a supply of 10,000 copies, which we propose to *present* to new subscribers to the Weekly BLADE, who send us 30 cents each for a three-months' subscription. Remit the 30 cents, either in silver by registered mail, or by postal note, or current funds, but *not* in postage stamps; we will enter your name for the Weekly BLADE for 3 months and send a copy by mail, postpaid, of this celebrated picture. Be *sure* to mention in your letter that you want the "Horse Fair," as otherwise it will not be sent. We hope to dispose of this 10,000 by June 10, and ask our subscribers to mention this offer to their friends, in order that they may avail themselves of it. Address all orders: "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

SOME Idea of the magnitude of the work of taking the census may be obtained from the fact that the government printing office at Washington, which has just finished the blanks for enumeration returns, consumed in their printing the enormous quantity of 20,000,000 sheets of paper, all of which were 11 by 15 inches, and whose total weight amounts to over 220 tons. Some expert mathematician has figured out that these enumeration sheets, if laid edge to edge, would form a continuous line of paper 4,855 miles in length.

THE Florida editor who wrote an open letter to the President protesting against the instructions given to Attorney General MILLER in regard to the enforcement of the laws, got a little brief advertising, but he proved that he was one of the very men who obstruct the laws, and it would not be strange if, in the course of time, he would be found to be one of those who will have to be suppressed.

SENATOR SHERMAN'S anti-trust bill has passed the Senate, and now goes to the President for his signature. The House amendment was retained which declares any contract to be illegal which is intended to prevent competition in any article transported from one state to another.

THERE is one satisfaction in this excitement about the eight-hour movement. It has not yet affected the clocks. They continue to go twenty-four hours, although some of them frequently strike.

THREE Chicago belles are said to have daily foot races on the beach at Atlantic City. There can't be any room for the other guests when all three of those girls get on the beach at once.

ON May 1, the new law went into effect in this state prohibiting any artificial coloring of butterine, oleomargarine, etc. Butter itself can be colored at will. Why this distinction?

THE New York *Sun* seems disposed to pick a quarrel with BOB INGERSOLL. It defines an agnostic as "a man who says he don't know anything, and lectures on it."

THE Australian system of voting and the American system of counting is what is needed in the South, according to Asst. Postmaster General CLARKSON—and he is right.

THE fact that our British cousins are not pleased with the Pan-American Congress and its work simply adds to the gratification of Americans over the matter.

IT is said that the chief difficulty with women doctors is that they find it impossible to write a prescription without adding a postscript to it.

AN ATTRACTIVE STORY,

ON A NEW AND NOVEL LINE.

Written Expressly for The Blade, and to Be Run During the Coming Campaign.

As previously announced in these columns, we have made arrangements to have written for THE BLADE a very interesting serial, combining the interest of a rapidly-moving story of incident, whose movements turn upon the development of political events, with a discussion of current political issues. The "story with a purpose" is not a new thing, as witness the tremendous popularity of "Robert Elsmere," and others of the class; but a story dealing with the tariff, the subject of pensions, and other topics uppermost in the public mind at this time is a novelty, and from a perusal of the opening chapters we are certain our readers will pronounce it not only a success, but intensely interesting.

The author is one of the best-posted men of the country upon the tariff issue, in all its ramifications; he has written much upon it in a leading editorial capacity; and he is known as a writer of clever and interesting stories. Hence he is perfectly at home in the field selected, and THE BLADE'S readers may be assured that the story will be one worth their attention, and withal one that is likely to create a sensation.

The Scene of the Story

Is placed in Ohio, and while it refers back to the war period, the main action takes place in the future. The author has assumed that the present Congress fails to do justice to the surviving soldiers of the late war, or to answer the demands of the Western farmers for measures calculated to give them relief, and that consequently the next Congress (the Fifty-second) has a Democratic House. He then traces this supposed revulsion in public feeling through to the campaign of 1892, and the election of a Democratic President.

The reaction is so great that the Senate dare not oppose the will of the people, and the result is the overthrow of protection, the adoption of free trade, and other radical changes in national policy. The story then goes on to show the effect upon the people of the United States, gives a vivid pen picture of the new order of things, and the totally unexpected results which flow from it.

There is nothing in the story that is not only both possible and probable; and some startling pictures are drawn which, while they seem strange, are by no means beyond realization, and that within the next four years.

The story is not yet all written, but its plan and scope are fully known to us, and we believe that our readers will be deeply interested. It will give them new material for thought and discussion; it will broaden their horizon of political knowledge; and it will be especially useful to the boys and young men, just coming on the stage of political action.

Campaign Subscribers.

We shall make a special effort for campaign subscribers this summer, in order to give this story the widest circulation possible. We ask our friends to mail us lists of names of persons to whom we may send sample copies of THE BLADE with the full announcement of the story, which will be given in a few weeks, and probably also sample copies containing the first installment. Send us names, and send them quickly!

WEIGHING THE MAILS.

Beginning on to-day, May 5, and continuing for one week, there is to be a careful counting and weighing of all matter sent through the mails at every postoffice. Every postmaster in the United States is to take a careful account of the number of pieces of mail matter and the total weight of the matter of each class, mailed at their respective offices, with the amount of postage collected thereon; and separate returns are to be made of matter for local delivery, and that for other points. Not only are the 61,000 postmasters of the United States engaged in this work, but also the 3,500 railway postal clerks, who are to keep a similar record of matter mailed on trains during the week.

While the weighing of mail matter has been the custom of the Postoffice department at stated times for a number of years, the present investigation calls for more thorough and minute information than was ever before required; and the exact statistics obtained will be valuable in determining what changes can be made in postal rates, if any, and what improvements are needed to render the postal service more satisfactory to the people. The idea of Postmaster General WANAMAKER seems to be to bring it up to the highest possible degree of efficiency first, and then to reduce postage, if found possible.

FUTURE battles are to be a very deadly, if the new German army rifle does what is claimed for it. It is a small caliber (8 millimeters) repeating rifle, with a range of 12,500 feet—a little over two miles; uses smokeless powder, and will drive its bullet through the trunks of ordinary trees, walls a brick and a half thick, 2½ feet of earth breastworks, or through six men standing in file. The art of war will be revolutionized, and our present infantry tactics will become obsolete. Men can hardly be found to stand up and face so murderous a weapon.

GEN. BOYNTON may be earnest in his suggestion that the Society of the Army of the Cumberland should erect a statue in Washington to the late SAMUEL J. RANDALL, who was a private soldier and on whose recommendation Col. G

ABOUT THE SERVICE PENSION QUESTION.

"THE BLADE" IN CONGRESS.

IT IS READ IN THE HOUSE DEBATE

On the Morrill Pension Bill—The Senate Must Be Appealed to in Behalf of Service Pensions.

The House of Representatives, on April 30, after spending the afternoon in debate, passed the Morrill pension bill as a substitute for the Senate dependent pension bill. Our news columns contain a full account of the proceedings. The press dispatches speak of Mr. MORRILL'S measure as a "service pension bill," which it is not. It is merely the Senate bill with an amendment added putting all veterans of the late war (who served 90 days or more and were honorably discharged), upon the pension rolls as soon as they reach the age of 60 years.

During the debate, Mr. SPRINGER, of Illinois, took the floor in opposition to the bill, his ground being that the bill makes no distinction in the amount of pension between men who served but 90 days and those who served for four years; and he also opposed it because the dependent clause applies to all soldiers disabled from earning their own living, without regard to the cause of that disability. In this, Mr. SPRINGER was merely splitting hairs for partisan purposes. He hopes to make Democratic capital out of the honest differences of opinion among Republicans as to what shall be done for the relief of the soldiers. The men who offered themselves on the altar of their country are entitled to the nation's aid, and they are not a herd of loafers, broken down by their vices and excesses, as Mr. SPRINGER seems to assume.

Mr. SPRINGER, during his speech, read copious extracts from editorial articles in THE BLADE on the service pension question—as will be seen by our Washington news elsewhere—to show that the Morrill bill is not asked for by the soldiers themselves, and that it will not be satisfactory to them. The gentleman evinced his familiarity with THE BLADE when he characterized it as the organ of the Grand Army of the Republic, made so by the soldiers themselves—though he would have been more accurate had he given it the broader designation of the organ of all veterans of the armies of the Union—and in referring to it as the leading Republican paper of Ohio. As a Republican paper, THE BLADE insists that it shall do justice to the soldiers. The Republican party declared, in its national platform of 1888, that

"The gratitude of the nation to the defenders of the Union can not be measured by laws. The legislation of Congress should confirm to the pledges made by a loyal people. * * *

We believe the only way in which this can be done is through the enactment of a service pension law, giving a pension to every honorably discharged veteran, irrespective of his age. We believe that the Republican party can not afford to accept any other interpretation of the above-quoted utterance. "The pledges made by a loyal people" covered far more ground than that of the Morrill bill.

The measure must now go back to the Senate for concurrence. We hope the Republicans of that body may put a higher, more liberal interpretation upon the party's platform pledge than the House has done, but the fact that the Senate passed simply a dependent bill gives but narrow ground for such an expectation.

It seems altogether probable that the Senate will ask for a conference committee on pension matters, which will of course be granted, the President of the Senate appointing a portion of the committee, and the Speaker of the House the conferees on the part of that body. What this committee should do is to report a service pension bill as a substitute for both the Senate and the House bills, and have it promptly passed.

THE BLADE is in a position to assure Congress that the Morrill bill does not satisfy the veterans. It is not even satisfactory to the men who will be its beneficiaries, and for this reason: It provides that any soldier who served 90 days or more, who is honorably discharged, and who is or may be "suffering from mental or physical disability equivalent to the grade now established in the pension office for the rating of $8 per month, shall, *upon due proof of the fact*, according to such rules and regulations as the secretary of the Interior shall provide, be placed upon the list of invalid pensioners at $8 per month."

The *word* "dependent" is carefully eliminated; but the thing itself is there. A man must prove a disability which would prevent his making his own living, and hence that he is practically dependent. There are thousands of self-respecting veterans who would sooner suffer on in poverty than to be obliged to prove themselves practically paupers; while men without conscience will endeavor to avail themselves unlawfully of the benefits of the bill.

But we doubt whether the Senate will amend the bill so as to make it satisfactory. The following, from the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, appears to put the matter in its proper light:

It will be remembered that when the Senate passed its bill, all amendments designed to enlarge the scope of the measure, and particularly such as favored a service theory, were voted down by decisive majorities. Moreover, a number of the senators, Republicans as well as Democrats, took occasion to declare in plain terms that their sense of duty would permit them to vote for anything more than the relief of cases of necessity.

There is no reason to believe that they have changed their minds in that respect. Therefore, it is to be considered likely that they will accept the House substitute, though the fixing of the rate at $8 instead of $12 may induce some of them to look kindly upon it. It is not improbable, also, that the friends of the service idea, it does not involve any question of present suffering. The men to whom it applies are not in want, and they can wait a few years without any serious disadvantage, and confidently, no doubt, a pension will be granted to every man who wore the federal uniform.

As a pendant to this, we quote the following editorial utterance from the New York *World*, Democratic, on the passage of the Morrill bill, that the soldiers may understand the attitude of that party on pensions:

The surplus-spenders of the House have added to the pension list at one swoop 500,000 men—more than a grand army of the great Republic.

It was the boast of one of the Republicans who supported this service pension bill that "the total expenditure for pensions would not exceed $130,000,000 per annum, or nearly 20 per cent of the gross income of the government."

Is not this a proud boast for a peaceful Republic, whose revenues come from taxes upon the people and whose armies are composed of citizens enlisted for the pay the government? The pension list of the United States will cost, if this bill shall pass the Senate, more than the largest standing army in the world. And instead of making it will increase yearly, as more and more soldiers reach the age of 60 years.

The bill is as bad in principle as it is reckless in its prodigality. It pensions all equally, without regard to their length of service, their physical condition or their need of assistance. It makes a discarded virtue of patriotism. It is a bid for votes and not a just or reasonable provision for pensions. And it wipes out the surplus and makes revenue reduction impracticable.

What to Do.

All that can be done is to impress the Senate with the fact that the Morrill bill does not meet the case. Grand Army posts, and all other organizations of veterans, should at once adopt resolutions asking the Senate to substitute a general service pension measure of some sort for the Morrill bill. Petitions in this effect should be gotten up *at once*, as many signatures possible obtained, and they be forwarded, as should the resolutions of G. A. R. posts, etc., to the Senators for the state in which they originate. Let us bring all possible pressure to bear upon the Senate, and see what can be accomplished in that line.

THE number of the *Congressional Record* for May 1 contains the verbatim report of the pension discussion in the House, in which Mr. MORSE, Republican, of Massachusetts, and Mr. SPRINGER, Democrats, of Illinois, both read copious extracts from editorials in THE BLADE upon service pensions during their remarks, as noted in our Washington special of April 30. The report of the proceedings covers over 26 pages of the *Record*.

WHAT THE BOYS SAY

About the Morrill Bill, Passed by the House on April 30, 1890.

The following letters have been received by THE BLADE since the passage of the Morrill bill by the House on Wednesday of last week:

A Missouri Protest.

CASSVILLE, MO.—If the Morrill bill is a sample of the legislation promised by the Republican party, in 1892 it is the duty of all veterans to seek new political affiliations and show the knowing ones in Congress that they have yet some resentment left. Veterans have as much to expect from one set of political liars as of another. Old liars are as distasteful to us as young ones.—C. H. M., Co. G, 32d Mo. Inf. Vols.

An Indiana View.

ANGOLA, IND., May 1.—I see by the dispatch of this date that the House has passed a substitute for the Senate bill passed by that body some weeks ago. In the name of justice we protest against the substitute. How many old soldiers will be benefited by this infamous measure? How many old soldiers will live to become beneficiaries under this shodly substitute? Yet it is in keeping with all of the pension legislation—wait until the old soldier has one foot in the grave and then rush to his rescue. Under the provisions of this substitute the old suffering soldier at 55 must suffer five years longer or prove that he is a pauper, made such by a disability contracted while serving in the field. I hope that you see this substitute as I see it, and will use your influence to have it defeated when it comes up in the Senate.—Wm. M. C., Private Co. A, 19th Ohio.

Opposed to It.

MONETT, MO.—I am and have always voted the way I shot, but if the Republican party does not pass a service pension as it promised to do, its day of usefulness has passed, and the boys and their sons should vote to a man for some new party—anything to beat an old fossil. The 60-year clause in the Morrill bill is an insult to every loyal veteran. Mr. Morrill is a traitor to the boys in blue and the Republican party, and is in the employ of some monied syndicate of pension agents.—C. A. R., Co. G, 4th Ia.

What Five Soldiers Thought.

PRESQ'ISLE, O.—I served three years and nine months in Bat. H, 1st Ill. This morning interviewed four old soldiers on the bill passed yesterday. No. 1 said he would stick to the Republican party. No. 2: "To h— with the Morrill bill;" he would never cast another vote. Nos. 3 and 4: "D— the Morrill bill and the Republican party;" would vote the straight Democratic ticket from this on if the Senate passed it. I am with Nos. 3 and 4. The Morrill bill had to include the 90 days men, or it would not have any to pension, as the men that served through the war will all be dead at that age.—F. K. L. P. S.—No. 1 was in less than a year.

Down on It.

CASSVILLE, MO.—The veterans in this Congressional district are down on Morrill's pension bill. Every G. A. R. post in the United States should petition and urge the President to withhold his signature. All honorably discharged veterans can see that it is not what should be done for them. Service pension for those over 50 years who served more than one year unless discharged for wounds received or injuries inflicted. Another bill of the Morrill stripe and I will insure the election of a Democratic President next time. If the Republican party does nothing substantial for us, it is no longer the veterans' friend, and must go. Comrades, watch them and let them feel our power. We are not paupers.—J. B. W. B., Co. G, 27th Mo.

An Ohio Voice.

PORT CLINTON, OHIO.—The Republicans in convention at Chicago declared in favor of pensioning the soldiers. The soldiers ask for bread; Congress has given us a stone, and killed the Republican party. Why not make the limit 90 years instead of 60? Not one-half of them now living will be alive in 10 years from now, and the average age of the living is near 50. It is an outrage. The soldiers made it possible for the government to have money or credit either. *Keep at them* with your editorials. They count. Service pension or a Democrat President in future in spite of fate.—P. C. J.

WHAT THE POSTS SAY

Upon the Service Pension Idea, and The Blade's Work in Behalf of Such a Measure.

Demand It of Congress.

MODOC, MO.—It is the unanimous resolution of this post (Stephen Decatur, No. 142, G. A. R.,) that we demand of this Congress a service pension. The Grand Army has petitioned in vain until we are tired. Now many old soldiers will be benefited by this infamous measure? How many old soldiers will live to become beneficiaries under this shodly substitute? Yet it is in keeping with all of the pension legislation—wait until the old soldier has one foot in the grave and then rush to his rescue. Under the provisions of this substitute the old suffering soldier at 55 must suffer five years longer or prove that he is a pauper, made such by a disability contracted while serving in the field. I hope that you see this substitute as I see it, and will use your influence to have it defeated when it comes up in the Senate.—Wm. M. C., Private Co. A, 19th Ohio.

Opposed to It.

MONETT, MO.—I am and have always voted the way I shot, but if the Republican party does not pass a service pension as it promised to do, its day of usefulness has passed, and the boys and their sons should vote to a man for some new party—anything to beat an old fossil. The 60-year clause in the Morrill bill is an insult to every loyal veteran. Mr. Morrill is a traitor to the boys in blue and the Republican party, and is in the employ of some monied syndicate of pension agents.—C. A. R., Co. G, 4th Ia.

What Five Soldiers Thought.

PRESQ'ISLE, O.—I served three years and nine months in Bat. H, 1st Ill. This morning interviewed four old soldiers on the bill passed yesterday. No. 1 said he would stick to the Republican party. No. 2: "To h— with the Morrill bill;" he would never cast another vote. Nos. 3 and 4: "D— the Morrill bill and the Republican party;" would vote the straight Democratic ticket from this on if the Senate passed it. I am with Nos. 3 and 4. The Morrill bill had to include the 90 days men, or it would not have any to pension, as the men that served through the war will all be dead at that age.—F. K. L. P. S.—No. 1 was in less than a year.

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"BLADE" POSTAL CARDS.

OUR CORRESPONDENT THERE TELLS

Of the Effect They Have Had—The Service Pension Movement Gained Heavily.

We are in receipt of the following from Mr. GEO. T. HARRIES, the Washington special correspondent of the Daily and Weekly BLADE:

TOLEDO BLADE BUREAU,
401 P STREET, NORTHWEST.
WASHINGTON, May 5, 1890.

The vicinity of this city has recently been maltreated by a great downpour of hailstones of enormous size; moist heavens have poured upon us millions of worms; people still young remember a shower of fish which littered the sidewalks of a portion of the nation's capital; and science has records of many meteors which have descended and punctured irregularly-shaped holes in the surface of the District of Columbia, but it remained for the Toledo BLADE to treat Congress to a deluge of postal cards.

When the Fifty-first congress assembled there were only a few among the representatives who favored a service pension bill; to-day the number of those who believe in the equity of such a measure, has more than trebled. What was the argument? How came this accession? Who caused this change of heart? It is nothing but the simple truth to state that the influences were set to work by THE BLADE'S appeal to its veteran readers and voters.

When the first shower of cards fell there was but little attention paid to it. Then the shower settled into a steady downpour that washed the anti-service pension dust off a good many senators and representatives, and they began to realize the powerful sentiment that was behind the scraps of card. The matter was talked of on the floor and discussed in the committee room; it had assumed huge proportions and demanded a degree of attention never before given it. Members who had skilfully straddled the question found that the time for uncertainty had gone by, and as the postal cards poured in upon them they capitulated.

Of course there were a great many men on whom the card petitions had no effect; they were either opposed to pensions altogether or were possessed of some other idea which they believed to be more satisfactory to veterans or more practicable. The result, so far as the House was concerned, was not a victory for the friends of the service bill, but the increase in the force of those who advocated such a measure was remarkable. Men who were opposed even to the Morrill bill wondered at the wide-spread influence of THE BLADE.

"Never in the history of Congress has there been a more persistent appeal than this which sprang to life in response to the utterances of THE BLADE," said Representative Morrill to me yesterday. "Had I not felt sure that my bill was the best, the pleadings of thousands of old soldiers, made known on these postal cards, must have moved me. Nothing but the strength of my convictions carried me through."

Do you know that Morrill received an average of more than 500 cards daily for more than two weeks?

Every Western congressman, Democrat and Republican, was the recipient of these pasteboard petitions, and the postmaster of the House tells me that they got such an immense number as to be beyond easy computation. Perkins, of Kansas, received over 100 a day, for nearly three weeks, and Peters and Turner, of the same state, are up near the head of the procession. Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin did nobly, but none of them were more productive than Nebraska; the postmasters in the latter state never had such a cancelling job in their lives.

One thing should be borne in mind in relation with the vote on the Morrill bill. It was supported on the final roll-call by a great many men who accepted it as a compromise measure; men who favor a straight service pension bill, and most of whom have been convinced of the necessity for such a measure by the postal petitions. On Saturday the Senate and House postoffices handled nearly 60 cards. The 1-cent appeals still roll in. Let the good work go on; it will some day bear fruit. GEO. H. HARRIES.

THE MORRILL PENSION BILL.

Its Full Text, as Passed by the House on April 30, 1890.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the secretary of the Interior be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed to place on the pension rolls of the United States the name of any officer or enlisted man 60 years of age or over, who shall hereafter reach that age, who shall have served 90 days or more in the army or navy, or marine corps of the United States during the war of the rebellion, and shall have received an honorable discharge therefrom; said pension to commence from the date of the application therefor, and to continue during the term of the life of said officer or enlisted man, at the rate of $8 a month.

SEC. 2. All persons who shall have served 90 days or more in the military or naval service of the United States during the late war of the rebellion, and who have been honorably discharged therefrom, and who are now, or may hereafter be, suffering from mental or physical disability equivalent to the grade now established in the pension office for the rating of $8 per month, shall, upon due proof of the fact, according to such rules and regulations as the secretary of the Interior may provide, be placed upon the list of invalid pensioners of the United States at the rate of $8 per month; and such pension shall commence from the date of the filing of the application in the pension office for the grade of disability of this act, upon proof that the disability then existed, and shall continue during the existence of the same: *Provided*, That those who are now receiving pensions under existing laws, or whose claims are pending in the Pension office, may, by application to the commissioner of Pensions, in such form as he may prescribe and prove, showing themselves entitled thereto, receive the benefits of this act; and nothing contained in this act shall be so construed as to prevent any pensioner thereunder from presenting his claim, and receiving his pension, under any other general or special act; *Provided, however*, that no person shall receive more than one pension for the same period.

SEC. 3. That if any officer or enlisted man who served three months or more in the army or navy of the United States during the late war of the rebellion, and who was honorably discharged, has died, or shall hereafter die, leaving a widow over the age of 60 years, such widow shall, upon due proof of her husband's death, be placed upon the pension rolls from the date of her application therefor at the rate of $8 per month, to continue during widowhood.

SEC. 4. That if any officer or enlisted man who served three months or more in the army or Navy of the United States during the late war of the rebellion, and who was honorably discharged, has died or shall hereafter die, leaving a widow without other means of support than her daily labor, or minor children under the age of 16 years, such widow or minor children shall, upon proof of her husband's death, and of having this death to be the result of his army service, be placed on the pension rolls from the date of application therefor at the rate of $8 a month during her widowhood; and in case of the death of the widow, the pension of a child, or children, under the age of 16 years: *Provided*, That said widow shall have married said soldier prior to the passage of this act.

SEC. 5. That no agent, attorney, or other person engaged in preparing, presenting, or prosecuting any claim under the provisions of this act, shall, directly or indirectly, contract for, demand, receive, or retain for such services in preparing, presenting, or prosecuting such claim, a sum greater than $5, which sum shall be payable only upon the order of the commissioner of Pensions by the pension agent making payments of the pension allowed; and any person who shall violate any of the provisions of this section, or who shall wrongfully withhold from the pensioner or claimant the whole or any part of the pension or claim allowed, or due such pensioner or claimant under this act, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, upon conviction thereof, shall, for each and every such offense, be fined not less than $100 nor more than $500, or be imprisoned at hard labor not exceeding two years, or both, in the discretion of the court.

(Continued on fourth column.)

You can make a large sum of money at work for us in your own locality. During the past few years, those who have worked for us have received over Five Millions of dollars for their services—more than a barrel of money. We want a few more workers at once. The work is easy, pleasant, adapted to both young and old of either sex. You can work in the time or in spare time only. Any one can do the work after studying our directions for a day or two. This is the chance of a lifetime for those who apply at once. Any one anywhere can earn $100 per month (or more) at work for us, under the most favorable conditions, earn $3.00 a day and upwards. No class of people in the world are making so much money, **without capital**, as those at work for us. **Whatever** you have done, or whatever you may do, you should look into this **royal chance**. You will find that you can easily make all that we claim, and **more**. If you write to us before we secure all the workers we need, we will lay all before you FREE. Better write before you rest, and then if you conclude not to go to work, or if we cannot employ you, no harm is done. Every one of our workers make big money. **True & Co., Box 148, Augusta, Maine.**

CURRENT COMMENT.

The sale of "Looking Backward" has reached 246,500 copies in England and the books are still in great demand. What a difference between Bellamy's fortune and that of Lot's wife.

"This won't do," said a Summit street car conductor, as a big strapping fellow tendered him three cents, "the fare on this line is five cents." "Yes, I know, but then, as you see, I am a mulatto—half fair—see?" But it didn't work and the darkey was bounced.

"Nothing can be worse than my present condition. I'm dead broke," said a curbstone dealer in grain the other day. "Wait till you die," was the cheerful response, "and then you'll be a dead broker."

President Dwight, of Yale, says the permanent fund of the university must be increased $500,000 if the institution is to subserve her mission and the needs of the times. Why don't the ball club turn over the gate money?

The Japs are usually considered a slow-going sort of folk, but, all the same, it cost three foreign merchants in Japan $50,000 in silver, 100 pieces of silk and twelve watches to secure their release from a band of brigands in Haipbourg who had captured them.

It's a little early for the annual bluff, but one Maryland peach grower is reported to have said that he will take $10 for all the fine fruit his 7,000 trees produce this year.

New York business men complain of incompetent stenographers who, in answering advertisements, make claim for qualifications which they fail to develop in practice. Why don't they use the phonograph, as smart Chicago business men do?

Have you ever noticed that when a man is refused permission to run up a bill that he always runs down the house?

"Brains will tell"—and so will the average girl.

"Seems to me you'd get all out of condition," said Radhelm to his friend, the undertaker, the other day, "leading such a quiet life as you do." "Why, no, Radhelm, I have any amount of the most scientific exercise imaginable." "What's that, swinging Indian clubs?" "No," replied the undertaker, "boxing."

It is now definitely announced that when she marries young Navarro, Mary Anderson will retire permanently from the stage. Let us hope that this is not a Patti farewell.

Altogether too Dead.
Cincinnati Times-Star.

The big city that is to cover Manhattan Island and all the region round about with a population of 3,500,000 as soon as consolidation can be effected, is still without a name. How would McGintyville do?

A Rattling Pair.
Troy Press.

Wouldn't Reed and Ingalls make a rattling ticket for '92?

A Fearless Youth.
Washington Post.

"Be brave," she said, "and let no fear
Of death your active courage fret."
"I will," he said, and then and there
He lit another cigarette.

Signs of the Old Rancor.
St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Too much of the Chicago fair "fund" just now consists of peanut-stand and barber-shop subscriptions.

Though He Draws in Vain to a Flush.
Washington Post.

It will be reassuring to Editor Watterson's friends to learn that he is still a success at drawing audiences.

Age Does Not Wither Him.
St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Our old-time friend, McGinty, has taken charge of the Burdette (Neb.) *Bpade*. Really, Mac is a fellow of infinite variety.

How They'd Strike.
Chicago Post.

There are hundreds of honest, hard-working, hungry laboringmen in Chicago to-day who are anxious to strike—ten hours work at eight hours' pay.

Bitter With the Sweet.
Philadelphia Times.

Gloom has once more settled on Chicago. What is the good of the fair if her nine can't play ball?

One of the Twins Getting Saucy.
Minneapolis Tribune.

The easiest way to make Minneapolis the head of navigation would be to annex St. Paul and then do a little dredging.

Europe Has Now Two Stirring Williams.
Chicago Journal.

Buffalo Bill is creating more of a sensation abroad than he ever did among either buffaloes or Indians.

A New Word Married to Its Synonym.
Boston Herald.

Electrocution seems to be nothing more than a kind of circumlocution.

The Florist to His Daughter.
Merchant Traveler.

"It's thyme you rosemary," as the florist called to his daughter early in the morning.

A Pointed Question.
Philadelphia Press.

O why will you worry a friend with your cares,
Though a sorrow is lighter than any one shares?
Right yourself; don't admit
You're discouraged and hit.
He has burdens enough of his own that he bears.

The Wretch.
Chicago Post.

Mrs. Youngwife—Did you ever try any of my biscuits, Judge? Judge—No, I never did, but I dare say they deserve it.

Kemmler's Friends.
Philadelphia Ledger.

Kemmler says he does not know who is taking so much trouble in his behalf, unless it is "some city friends." He has just struck it. They are electri-city friends, who are believed to hold stock in an electric-lighting company.

A Natural Inference.

In a Sunday school in the neighborhood of Meridian Heights the teacher last Sunday asked what was the first man. "Adam," replied the small boy.

"And who was the first woman?" she asked a little girl.

The child hesitated for a minute, then her face brightened.

"Madam," she sang out, and the teacher hadn't the heart to correct her.—[Washington Star.

Nothing to Say.

"What were you about to remark?"

"Nothing at all. I assure you," replied Willie Washington.

"But you look as if you had something to say."

"Ya-as; I'm verwy deceptive that way. I've often thought myself that I had something to say and discovahed aftah I said it that I hadn't.—[*Washington Post.*]

ABOUT BISMARCK.

A Letter to the Kaiser—A $3,500 Devil.

The *Grenzbote* has the following letter, withheld until now from the public, to Emperor William I, from Prince Bismarck:

"BERLIN, Dec. 24, 1872.

"Your Majesty has my thanks for the beautiful present of Christmas eve. My father became body carabinier in 1783, and had the honor to be introduced to Frederick the Great at review, who graciously described to him his grandfather, Major von Bismarck, who fell at Czaslau, as a model soldier. These and many other traditions, as well as your majesty's present and the letters of my grandfather from the battlefields of the Seven Years' war, constitute a reminder of the impressions and inclinations of my childhood. I have always regretted that I was not allowed by my parents to show my loyalty to the reigning house, and my enthusiasm for the greatness and fame of my fatherland, at the front instead of behind the writing desk.

"Even to-day, after your Majesty has raised me to the summit of civil honor, I cannot suppress this regret. Your Majesty will pardon on Christmas eve, I hope, these words from a man who has been accustomed at this time every year to review the past. I might have been a poor general, yet I would have found it more to my liking to win battles rather than diplomatic victories. I prefer the records of the generals who stand on monuments. By God's will and your Majesty's grace, I hold to the purpose to have my name in stone and script when posterity shall perpetuate the memory of your Majesty's glorious reign. But the heartfelt attachment which, aside from the faithfulness of every nobleman to his prince, I feel toward your Majesty, and my sorrow that I cannot always discharge my duties more faithfully and satisfactorily, can find expression in no monument. And yet it is only this personal attachment which draws the servant after his monarch and the soldier after his leader along such ways as Frederick II. and your Majesty have trod. My power to work no longer equals my ambition, but the ambition will belong to your Majesty to my last breath."

In speeches to two delegations of his fellow countrymen at Friedrichsruhe recently, Prince Bismarck hinted plainly at the tendency of his present political apprehensions. To a Gottingen corps, founded in 1815, the year of his birth, he said:

"As you mention, the year 1815 was the birth year of us both. You and I have had the same aim—the consolidation of Germany. That is accomplished. I followed my aim in the way prescribed by my birth and breeding. I have respected the existing order, and have wished for the attainment of my ambition through monarchs. I warn the academical youth to hold fast to the present order until something better shall have come in its place."

To the railway officials Bismarck said: "Do not break too impetuously through the dividing walls. Hold fast to that around you, and proceed further only as you build more on and to it. What history has produced has its justification and must be respected."

The *Berliner Rundschau* of April 12 says:

"The military bands from Ratzeburg, Altona and Hamburg arrived at Friedrichsruhe on April 11) on the early morning trains. After they played the first air for Princess Bismarck stepped out from the castle to thank them for their musical birthday greeting to her. Beside her stood her husband and two sons. At noon the musicians were entertained at table. The Prince walked about among them asking after their homes and families. He inquired of the directors what battles they were in during the last campaign. When the Prince started on his customary 4 o'clock drive he was once more the recipient of all sorts of popular honors. The most notable demonstration was made by a group of Hamburg ladies who had gathered at the castle with their hands full of bouquets. They hurried up to the Prince's carriage and handed him the flowers. Prince Bismarck had recovered from the strain of the early April days and was in the best of humor. In the morning he invited four of the sixteen ladies who awaited his appearance before the castle door to take breakfast with him. The youngest four in the company gladly accepted the invitation and remained about an hour."

"In 1878," says the *National Zeitung*, "Prince Bismark was on his way from Friedrichsruhe to Berlin. At a small station Von Caprivi took the same train and was introduced to the Chancellor by a common acquaintance. Bismark and Caprivi conversed earnestly together all the rest of the way to Berlin. In the evening of the same day Bismark said to a friend who called at the Chancellor's palace to welcome him back to town: 'I have often thought about my successor and wondered who he would be. To-day I was introduced to him.'"

The land which two rich Hamburg tradesmen recently gave Bismark cost $1,000. Bismark had been negotiating for it some time, but always found the price too high. He had been anxious to get the land ever since he began living at Friedrichsruhe, so as to make his estate more symmetrical and convenient for cultivation.

Bismark's most novel birthday present was a wooden devil, life size, in a Seventeenth century costume. The devil was carved in Italy about 200 years ago with the most painstaking skill of the carvers of that time. It is worth about $3,500, and was bought for Bismark by a German merchant living in Italy.

AFTER SUPPER SMILES.

Net gain—fish caught with a seine.

Barnum's ring performers move in the best circles.

When a legal voter is sick he becomes an ill legal voter.

Justin Time says he misses a train just as often as anyone.

The place to look for low rents is the knees of boys' trousers.

Country people "rush the growler" by chasing a bull dog with a pitchfork.

The negro who shot a neighbor's dog through a hedge said he did it in de fence.

It's foolish to believe that its oak-tanned shoe leather that produces the ache corn.

In the fissures of the California mountains is the place to look for high ground rents.

A half-breed Indian who goes about hewing timber says he belongs to the Chip-away tribe.

When a man has a toothache from a piece of crust in the cavity, that pain is bread in the bone.

A man whose name was Flr did not think how the two names would sound together, when he called his daughter Lucy.

"What is the best season for oysters, Mr. Keeper?"

"Salt and vinegar."—[Plunder.

HOW TO BOW.

A French Authority Tells How to Properly Raise the Hat.

On the proper method of performing that salutation known as "raising the hat" there have always prevailed rather conflicting opinions in France. Some times Frenchmen lifted their hats in three distinct motions, carefully performed; at other times they removed them with a sweeping and somewhat rounded gesture. A certain Comte de Lamparandie, in his so-called physiological study of the Faubourg St. Germain for the year 1889, has now laid down rules respecting the coup de chapeau which are based on the precedents furnished by the most modern and most fashionable members of the very best society in the city.

The man of fashion, according to the count, must now remove his hat in saluting with a broad sweeping gesture, which is at the same time elegant and brusque. The hat, having remained well aloft for awhile, must be brought down on the head quickly, like a sword into its scabbard. The person saluting should preserve an impressive countenance as much as possible while going through his elegant evolutions, but the count does not find fault with a little smile on the features, the said simpering movement being either patronizing or familiar, as occasion may require. The noble professor of etiquette also dilates eloquently on the tone and temper to be adopted by patricians toward "vague" people.

Sweet Revenge.

Voice from the speaking tube—Help! h-e-l-p! I've caught a man in my room. Oh, what shall I do?

Clerk (to himself)—That's that funny old maid in 49.

Clerk (through the tube)—Lock your door; you'll never have a chance to catch another.—[Racket.

DIET FOR DYSPEPTICS.

I cannot forbear giving, for the benefit of your dyspeptic readers, a few rules that are laid down by English physicians for the observance of those who suffer from acute indigestion:

1. Do not eat beef; it is too hearty for the average dyspeptic. Eat the lean of mutton (boiled preferred).

2. Bacon in small quantities may be eaten; also thin slices of aerated bread fried in bacon fat; also boiled pigs' feet and tripe, and the fish not known as oily fish.

3. Eat no fruit. Of vegetables, partake sparingly of baked potatoes, rice and boiled peas.

4. Bread may be eaten (aerated bread preferred) in thin slices, toasted till they are brittle.

5. The brown meat of fowl may be eaten. Avoid all gravies and sauces.

6. Abstain from liquors, and drink no tea unless it be fresh made.

7. Eat no eggs, except fresh raw, well whipped. Sugars should be avoided.

8. Drink no iced water; partake freely of hot water and of hot milk (not boiled).

9. Lie down for twenty minutes after each meal.—[London Letter to Chicago News.

Fashion's Follies.

The toque to match the suit in material is the feature of the spring fashions. The plaid toque matched to the costume and trimmed with an aigrette of feathers is chic.

In every fashionable audience, congregation or company there is seen a larger quantity of blue than any other one color. Sky blue is coming up in favor.

Mock rubies, amethysts, and topazes mark the points of intersection on those pretty bonnet shapes of gold arabesque so popular for evening wear this month.

This will long be remembered as the big buckle season. They fasten the surplices and sash belts of nearly every swagger gown that walks along the fashionable thoroughfares.

The gleam of gold on white gowns is not confined to evening and ballroom wear. White cloth gowns braided with gold will be worn in the afternoon, and in the street, at that, as well.

The big black gauze-winged butterfly, flecked with gold, silver or steel spangles scars triumphant over large numbers of black lace and black tulle toques, turbans, hats and capotes.

Those pretty little jet beaded and fringed black wraps, that look like deco rations on a plain black silk dress, are sold by the thousands in all the departments for such garments in the great retail, fancy and dry goods houses.

White undressed kid gloves, white slippers to match, and white silk or lace-clocked lisle thread stockings will be worn by sweet girl graduates this year. Other commencement toilets will permit the use of tan suede gloves and tan or black kid slippers.

OUR GIRLS.

She's great at frying terrapin;
A canvasback delights her;
When served in pie with dainty crust,
He'll eat one seldom fights her.
The rocket shad she serves in balls,
Iced fruit she's simply lost on;
You think she lives in Baltimore?
But no; she hails from Boston.

This one can stew a mackerel
Or bake a beefsteak finely;
The fatty porgy dressed with cream
Comes from her hands divinely.
You'd swear the bear she deftly broils
Came straight from old Mount Kisco;
You're off the scent, my trusting friend,
The girl resides in 'Frisco.

Another makes a tarpon hash
With rind of watermelon,
While alligator fricassee
Her fancy likes to dwell on.
Her specialty is sugar cane in lard,
Drowned in a sauce of Bourbon,
Would make you think her Tampa-bred;
She's yet at home in Auburn.
—[Globe Democrat.

Worse Than a Beast.

In "'Twixt Old Times and New," Baron de Malortie describes a remarkable incident which occurred during Maximilian's unfortunate reign in Mexico. During a hasty retreat the horse of Lopez, one of Maximilian's officers, was killed, and he found himself on the ground helpless and at the mercy of the pursuers. Seeing his captain in this sad plight, one of the men, an Indian (not Mexican, for the Mexicans all passed him in wild haste, without taking notice of his piteous appeal) stopped his horse and told him to jump up behind—an invitation he had not to renew a second time, for with the agility of a cat Lopez took his seat behind the Indian, and using four spurs instead of two, they soon rejoined the others. But the double load was almost too much for the little beast, and after a time it slackened its pace and threatened to break down. Seeing that the pursuers were gaining ground, Lopez cruelly drew his revolver, and treacherously, from behind, blowing out the brains of the brave fellow to whom he owed, if not his life, at any rate his liberty, he threw him down, and continued alone in his wild retreat.—[Manchester Times.

Married a Lady Doctor.

A week or two ago a Buffalo bank cashier married a lady who is a physician. The couple had scarcely returned to the bride's home when there was a vigorous pull at the door-bell, followed by a summons for the doctress to visit a patient. "Business before pleasure," thought the brand-new wife, and hastily excusing herself, went to alleviate pain. It took her six hours, distance and all. In the meantime the groom had to entertain the guests.

A Slight Difference.

Tennyson N. Twiggs—Would it make any difference if I should read this poem to you or leave it here for you to read?

The Editor—Yes; I think it would. If you leave it you'll go out of the door; but if you read it you may go out of the window.—[Lippincott's Magazine.

ABOUT BISMARCK.

A Letter to the Kaiser—A $3,500 Devil.

The *Grenzbote* has the following letter, withheld until now from the public, to Emperor William I, from Prince Bismarck:

"BERLIN, Dec. 24, 1872.

"Your Majesty has my thanks for the beautiful present of Christmas eve. My father became body carabinier in 1783, and had the honor to be introduced to Frederick the Great at review, who graciously described to him his grandfather, Major von Bismarck, who fell at Czaslau, as a model soldier. These and many other traditions, as well as your majesty's present and the letters of my grandfather from the battlefields of the Seven Years' war, constitute a reminder of the impressions and inclinations of my childhood. I have always regretted that I was not allowed by my parents to show my loyalty to the reigning house, and my enthusiasm for the greatness and fame of my fatherland, at the front instead of behind the writing desk.

"Even to-day, after your Majesty has raised me to the summit of civil honor, I cannot suppress this regret. Your Majesty will pardon on Christmas eve, I hope, these words from a man who has been accustomed at this time every year to review the past. I might have been a poor general, yet I would have found it more to my liking to win battles rather than diplomatic victories. I prefer the records of the generals who stand on monuments. By God's will and your Majesty's grace, I hold to the purpose to have my name in stone and script when posterity shall perpetuate the memory of your Majesty's glorious reign. But the heartfelt attachment which, aside from the faithfulness of every nobleman to his prince, I feel toward your Majesty, and my sorrow that I cannot always discharge my duties more faithfully and satisfactorily, can find expression in no monument. And yet it is only this personal attachment which draws the servant after his monarch and the soldier after his leader along such ways as Frederick II. and your Majesty have trod. My power to work no longer equals my ambition, but the ambition will belong to your Majesty to my last breath."

In speeches to two delegations of his fellow countrymen at Friedrichsruhe recently, Prince Bismarck hinted plainly at the tendency of his present political apprehensions. To a Gottingen corps, founded in 1815, the year of his birth, he said:

"As you mention, the year 1815 was the birth year of us both. You and I have had the same aim—the consolidation of Germany. That is accomplished. I followed my aim in the way

Miss EMILY S. BOUTON,.....EDITOR

HOME TALKS.

OUR WOMEN WORKERS.

The Late New York Convention—Some Facts of Interest to Women Who Are Seeking a Wider Area for Their Energies.

QUARTER of a century ago any one who had prophesied a convention such as that which met in New York a week or two ago would have been called a fool or insane. Two hundred and fifty working girls, representatives of societies or associations scattered all over the country, came together in the great metropolis under the auspices of the New York Association of Working Girls' Societies, "to discuss new ideas and schemes for the benefit of this class of women."

The possibility of such a gathering as this, which was carried out so successfully, is a most significant sign of the times. It shows, first, how the comparatively few scattered girls who had gone forth as wage earners has grown into a great army of busy workers; second, that they are coming to a recognition of the truth that their part in the labor world is as important as that of their brothers; and third, that they can reach a higher platform, with more power and influence for good, by co-operation in an endeavor to develop the moral, literary and intellectual side of their lives.

Those who followed the proceedings of the convention during its meetings could not fail to see the earnest purpose by which it was characterized. The discussions, which took a wide range of subjects, all more or less closely connected with the present and future condition of working women, were most dignified and and intelligent, showing well-directed thought, and a good degree of skill in its presentation. That this was clearly perceptible to those who have no especial interest in the movement was made evident by the way in which the convention was treated in the daily papers of New York and other cities. Long editorials, setting forth the purposes of the convention and commenting upon it as an important factor in the century's progress, appeared every day during its holding. There was some of that flippant treatment which, in times not very remote, has been accorded to woman's gatherings, no matter how dignified its behavior. There was "no chattering, no confusion," says one prominent paper, "but as orderly an assemblage as any made up of men anywhere, showing the advancement made by women within the last few years." The absence of the kind of criticism referred to, showed another thing too—that men are coming to see that the claim of women to a recognition as important factors in the great social and economic questions of the day can no longer be ignored.

The first society, out of which has come the organization represented in this convention, was formed sometime early in the eighties. It was an outgrowth of informal talks of factory girls and some of their better educated friends. A club was organized, more followed, until now the New York association numbers 18, with a membership of 2,635. They have regular times of meeting, with officers duly elected, and, to carry out their efforts for self-improvement in every way, have rented thirteen whole houses, beside single rooms. In them are 182 classes in dressmaking, sewing, cooking, etc., with libraries, reading rooms, music clubs and whatever will conduce to greater comfort and efficiency in the working girls' conditions. The example of New York has been followed in many other places, most of them in the East, though Chicago and San Francisco were represented in the association.

I cannot but feel that this movement shows how rapidly womankind is rising to the appreciation of the dignity of labor; that women are coming to look upon wage-earning, not as an incident of their lives from which they must escape at the earliest moment by a marriage, even though that marriage be a loveless one, but as the possible occupation of a lifetime. They are rapidly outgrowing the reproach of a lack of devotion to their duty, and of interest in learning to do their work as well as it can be done. Time was when most women clerks were abominations. Negligent, careless, ignorant of what they should know, with no desire to please, only the fact that they would work for little or nothing gave them their places. Now all that is changed. Either a better class has entered that field of labor, or what is more probable, its occupants have learned wisdom. It is only a constitutional fault-finder who will complain now of the girls who are behind the counters and other places where the public is to be served. With but rare exceptions they are courteous, attentive and with an intelligent appreciation of the wants they are to endeavor to supply. With this improvement has come also one in the matter of wages, though these are yet made too much a matter of sex and not of efficiency. Co-operation will do much to change this, too, for the better, and this truth is growing into the conviction of business and working-women so strongly, as to develop into action.

In fact, Woman's Guilds are becoming less and less exceptional every year. Women are learning to act for themselves. In Illinois is the Farmers' Mutual Benefit association which is said to include four-fifths of the farmers of the state. The farmers' wives and daughters, however, are left out. The latter have recently formed what they call the Ladies' Guild of the Farmers' association. No one but the wives, daughters, sisters and widows of farmers can be members. The declaration of principles has this preamble:

WHEREAS, In times past the weaker members of the common people of the human race have suffered most from whatever injurious causes have obtained, whether oppression, tyranny, or barbarism; and

WHEREAS, We rejoice in the progress of modern society toward the equalization of burdens, and are in full accord with our fathers, brothers, husbands, and sons in their effort to secure the betterment of human conditions; and

WHEREAS, The rigid economy and self-denial forced upon us having to begin at home, falls most heavily upon woman, the weaker; and

WHEREAS, We deeply feel the present embarrassment, indignity and oppression to which all laborers are subjected, and the urgent necessity for the effort of freedom from monopolistic greed, with its resultant evils, social inequality, and mental inferiority; and

WHEREAS, The American home is the hope of the nation and woman its maker, we realize the need of the education of American women on a broader basis of the practical every-day business of life, as we do in things which pertain directly to the narrow sphere heretofore assigned to her; and

WHEREAS, A perfect co-operation between all members of a class is necessary to the best results, and the Farmers' Mutual Benefit association having been organized for such purpose, we now believe that for ourselves self-help, through organization, is the first and most means to be used for the betterment of our condition and the improvement of our homes.

Their object is declared to be encouragement for all good men and women who are engaged in any business or social reform, to discountenance vice and to assist in the education of the masses. In fact they are to interest themselves in any good work that may come to their notice. The members bind themselves to at least one hour of careful reading a day, and to learning to keep the farm accounts.

I do not know but there may be other such Guilds, but this one happened to attract my attention just now, and I speak of it particularly as most hopeful for the future of women, because the outlook for farmers' wives, isolated as they are from centers of population, has been hitherto exceedingly discouraging.

The whole matter of wage-earning for women is at present attracting a degree of attention that can not fail to bring about good results. The American Economic association is the agent of some interested person offering five hundred dollars as prices for the best essays on that subject. They are expected to refer particularly to the women-workers of this country, it being desired to know "their early and present condition, their growth in numbers, both absolutely and in proportion to the population, the present extent of their sphere of labor, the economic and social evils connected with their various occupations as wage-earners, and remedies for these evils." The knowledge that will be thus obtained can not fail to be productive of good in furthering the improvement of the condition of all business and working women, while co-operation will aid the movement substantially.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Five O'Clock Teas.

These affairs may be very elaborate and formal, involving engraved notes of invitation with everything to correspond, or they may be a simple, pleasant form of entertainment, inexpensive and yet delightful. Suppose a five o'clock tea is to be given of the latter class.

The invitations may be written upon the visiting card of the hostess. Under her name is placed the date. In the lower left hand corner the words, "Five O'clock Tea," are written. If given for a friend her name shall appear, and upon these informal cards it is usually seen upon the upper right hand corner.

The hostess stands near the door of the parlor or reception room, with her guest of honor, if there be one, and receives those entering with cordial greeting, and at once introduces them to the stranger.

The refreshments are very simple, tea being the emphasis of the occasion. The guests do not sit at the table, but stand with plate and cup in hand, or if the dining room is large, small tables may be scattered here and there for groups to seat themselves, but they must be served from the large table. Often the tea is poured in the parlor from a pretty side table, where is a decorated tea service, by some intimate friend of the hostess.

Usually the table cloth and napkins are pure white. Upon one end—this is the large table in the dining room if guests are served there—is the quaint tea-pot with the delicate cups at its side. Handsome dishes with fruit, bon-bons, salted almonds, olives, etc., are scattered around the table, and also larger plates with thin slices of bread and butter, others with wafers and whatever other light article of diet may be chosen to be served. If sandwiches are offered they must be very delicate. A nice salad may also be supplied, and ices with the fancy cakes, if liked.

Sugar and cream are to be passed with the tea, and sliced lemon also, as many like it instead of cream. Some intimate friend of the hostess usually presides over the tea, but it may be handed by the servant, or young ladies may do this pleasant duty.

The table is pretty, trimmed with flowers, but care must be taken not to overdo this matter. There has been a luxuriance in this direction that has sometimes degenerated into what, if any thing but flowers were spoken of, would be a vulgar display. A large bowl of roses, or some other flower, in the center of the table is sufficient.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

PANEL PHOTOGRAPH CASES.—The newest way to make up the ever popular and attractive photograph case is to arrange them panel-wise and hang them flat against the wall. Cut the openings so that the pictures hang perpendicularly one above the other. The case should be made to fold when removed from the wall. Various materials may be used with good effect in the manufacture of these articles among them are Indian silk, cream-white Danish cloth, ornamented with darning and gilt outline cord, or with tapestry dyes, and Lustra paints, and heavy linen or fine crash.

TEA-COSEY.—Procure seven-eighths of a yard of silk, either plain or figured, and the same quantity in a contrasting color for the lining. From both silk and lining cut two sections each, in shape like the following illustration: Stiffen the outside sections with soft crinoline and seam together. The lower part may be ornamented with a broad band of plush, gaily matching the seeming of the lining to the other part, interline with several layers of cotton batting, which should be tacked to the lining. The outside edge of the cosey should be finished with a cord, allowing it to cover the outside seam, and ending at the top in three loops.

APRON.—A pretty apron is of golden brown India silk, embroidered with tiny yellow polka dots at regular intervals. Embroider three rows of larger polka dots across the bottom of the apron and the top of the piece intended for the pocket. The top of the apron should be turned down and shirred, and yellow ribbons used for ties. A bib may be added, if desired.

FOOT-REST.—If you have a pair of deer's antlers that can be made to stand upon the points of the prongs, they may be transformed into a handsome foot-rest by cushioning the flat frontal between the horns. Any color in plush may be used but a plain one as near as possible to the shade of the deer's hair would, perhaps, be in the best taste. Better yet would be a cover of the deer's skin tanned with the hair on.

MANTEL-SCARF.—An odd and pretty scarf for draping the corner of a mantel or cabinet is made of scrim, and bright colored ribbons.' Take one yard of the scrim, and, upon it, at regular intervals baste the stripes of ribbon, arranging the colors as fancy dictates. Catch the edges to the scrim with fancy stitches in embroidery silk, point each length of ribbon and finish it with a tassel, or fancy ornament. The scrim is meant to be folded under, so that when the center of the scarf is gathered closely in the hand preparatory to placing a vase or piece of bric-a-brac upon it, nothing but the ribbon can be seen.

WASTE-PAPER BASKETS.—A new idea is to drape the waste-baskets now in such general use instead of using such quantities of handsome ribbon. The basket may be an ordinary wicker one. If the top be circular in shape, use a large half circle of silk for draping each side. Sew the straight edge to the basket, and fasten in pleats where the half circles join, using a bow of ribbon for a finish. The drapery may be of plain material embroidered, or of figured silk and should be finished with handsome fringe.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; el ch st, cloce chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

OAK LEAF LACE.—Cast on 14 stitches. 1st row—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 1—tto 2—K 2 tog——tto 2—k 2 tog—k 1. 2d row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 1—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 3d row—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 3—tto 2—K 2 tog—tto 2—k 2 tog—k 1. 4th row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 5th row—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 5—tto 2—k 2 tog—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 6th row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 5—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 7th row—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 7—tto 2—k 2 tog—tto 2—k 2 tog—k 1. 8th row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 7—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 9th row—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 14. 10th row—k 2—bind the first over second and so continue knitting and binding till you have turned off 8 stitches and have 14 left on the needles, 1 on the right hand and 13 on the left—k 5——tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2. This completes one scallop. The lace is much used at present. For petticoats it is generally made of red or white Saxony yarn; for underclothing of linen thread, though some prefer common thread as it wears better, and for fancy articles of silks of all colors.—BERTHA WHITE.

IN CROCHETING.—Hold your needle and wool as lightly as possible. Hold your needle in your right hand, but keep it free from everything else; do not even allow the fingers of this hand to rest upon the work. Do not wear tight sleeves or finger rings; have your arms free. Do not wind the wool—use it from the skein; but if you must wind it, do not make it into a ball, but wind it softly and lightly from the thumb to the little finger of the left hand.

STAR STITCH.—Make a chain of the required length. Take up the first five stitches by putting the hook through four loops of the chain, one after another, and drawing the thread through, keeping all five on the needle. Then draw them into a circle or "star," by putting the thread over the needle and drawing through all at once, and then drawing the thread through the remaining stitch.

In making the next star, count the stitch already on the needle as one, make the second stitch by putting the needle through the tiny hole formed by drawing together the first five stitches, bring the third stitch in the same way, in the back of last stitch of star, fourth and fifth stitches in chain, draw together as previously directed and repeat to the end of the row.

Correspondence Clippings.

If the women didn't make so much fuss about the use of tobacco, I don't think the men would be so apt to adopt the habit. Haven't some of us habits that are just as distasteful to the men as their habits are to us? Does any one suppose that a man has much respect for a woman whose jaws are in perpetual motion from morning till night chewing gum? And I have seen women who couldn't say enough against the tobacco habit act as though they could not exist without their mouth full of gum all of the time.

Like "Ruth," my husband both smokes and chews, but it doesn't affect the floor any. There never was a man any better to his wife and nine is, and if he takes any comfort out of a quiet little smoke, I don't see where there is any harm done. I don't think that any one should class tobacco-users with drunkards. They are distinct habits, and because my father and husband smoke, they don't, as a necessary consequence, have to drink.—MOSS AATE.

I must protest when "Farmer's Daughter" criticises so severely the farmers as a class. I am a farmer's wife, and do all my work—butter making, dress making and knitting, with all the extra work there is on a farm. Of course I work hard, but my husband is not a brute. He neither smokes, chews, drinks or swears. He does not want me to work so hard, but I know we can't afford to hire a girl and I prefer to do my own work. My husband isn't the only good man (of course I think he's a little the best) there is around here. I don't know of a farmer in our neighborhood that ill-treats his wife, with the exception of one man, who drinks, and such an one is generally known, whether they are farmers, carpenters, or in any other business. We are trying to give our daughters a good education, but when the time comes for them to marry, I would rather they should marry farmers than the usual style of village young men.—A FARMER'S HAPPY WIFE.

I don't doubt but a tobacco using husband might be very agreeable if he never used it in the house, never kissed me or blew his breath in my face. But I can't think that nearly so many girls would marry tobacco users if they could be convinced of the evil effects it has on their children. It is wonderful how reckless many sensible girls are in this respect. Give them an article on the subject to read, they toss their heads and say they can't think of such serious things. And yet, when later on, they are called upon to care for an imbecile son or daughter, when both parents are healthy, they consider it a "mysterious dispensation of Providence." Truly, "the sins of the fathers *are* visited on the children." Still I do not wish to cause trouble between husband and wife. He may, though intemperate in this respect, possess qualities that make him superior to the ordinary mortal.—MADGE.

I am a young man somewhat addicted to the use of tobacco, and I think the opposite sex are a little too hard on us. We use it for the pleasure it affords us. Why do the ladies use cosmetics? Is it pleasure? Yes, for they delight in looking well. I don't blame them; I like to see them look nice. If a man ever enjoys life, its when he can sit down and have a good smoke or chew; but I think they should do neither in the presence of ladies. There are two kinds of tobacco chewers, viz: the clean and the unclean. With the first it can scarcely be noticed unless you are watching, in the latter it is easily detected. In regard to smoking a pipe, I thing it is the worst way tobacco can be used, as it scents the clothing and breath alike. Now I some hope of my sex will help me defend my pleasures, for if we don't defend ourselves none will.—F. C. C.

I think my husband would object to my answering "Charley's" letter personally, so I will answer his queries through the HOUSEHOLD, as he seemed very much in earnest in seeking advice and declared himself alone in the world, I will endeavor, for the time being, to stand in his mother's place, and give him the same advice I would give my own boy, under the same circumstances.

First, if you have a good position and are getting a fair salary, stay with it. The old proverb, "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," is very applicable here. Never give up a good position without you are sure of a better one. While the west offers many opportunities for men of pluck and energy to earn for themselves homes, and to accumulate wealth, yet it takes foresight, perseverance and strict economy to bring success, and where one succeeds nine will fail. Let "well enough" alone, and remember that the "greenest pastures" are always in advance of us, and they will stay there.—LEANNA LEE.

Inquiries.

Please tell me where I can get silk worm eggs, and at what price? Also what to feed the young worms before the osage hedge leaves come out?—A SUBSCRIBER.

Can any one tell how to soften muskrat skins? They were partly dressed and the fur looks all right, but the back, or leather side, is hard and wrinkled and looks rather greasy.—A SUBSCRIBER.

Is there a cheap edition of Mrs. Burnett's story for children, "Little Lord Fauntleroy?"—MRS. ZAIDEL HOTTLE.

Can any one send a cure for dyspepsia?—M.

I would also like to learn, through the BLADE, something about "Marion Harland," unless there has been something published lately about her. I missed getting a few of the papers during the winter so am not sure about it.

Will Miss Bouton please pronounce her name for us?—DORA DIX.

As if spelled Bough-tun.—ED.

What has become of "Blondie?" A short time ago she sent in a formula for teaching new beginners in music which I think was "good." Was the name printed correctly of the instruction book? I think it was meant for "Sudd's National Guide," not "Judd's."—DAISY.

Will some one tell me how to bleach a white straw hat?—K. A.

Will some one tell me how to remove dirt from cream colored silk warp Henrietta? I do not wish to wash it.—CARRIE G. JOHNSON.

Will some one give the recipes for whole currant jelly, and cinnamon cake?—IRENE L., O.

Can any of th e BLADE readers give any advice or assistance to a very poor sick lady that is laid up with a bone affection near the knee? What will be good for it? She lives out in the country. She has tried all she can for it without any help. She suffers very much pain, and does not have many comforts. Would like if any one could, and would, send instruction or tell how she can learn to draw without a teacher. She does not know whether she has a talent to draw or not, but would like to learn through the BLADE.—MAY.

Will some one tell me what to do for crossed or crooked feet. Our little child is two weeks old.—AN OLD READER OF THE BLADE.

Will some kind person please inform me how to become a newspaper correspondent?—TEXAS GIRLIE.

Answers to Inquiries.

J. W.—On most railroads, before entering a large city, an agent for a transfer company passes through the cars, who will take your baggage checks and give you a check which transfers you and your baggage to any hotel where you may desire to stop while in the city. Upon arriving at the hotel the porter will conduct you to the parlor and at your request the clerk will there assign your room and send your baggage to it when it comes. The clerk will also send your bill to you when you wish to leave, and will give you any information you may desire, relative to your stay in the city, or for your transportation to the cars when you wish to leave. Hotel clerks are supposed to know everything, and are, as a general thing, very obliging.

There will be no hard crust on bread if a teaspoonful of butter is put in when it is molded into loaves.—MRS. A. E. S. TAYLOR.

Mrs. S. wishes some one to tell her what will drive away, or kill, little black flies. Take plug tobacco, cut it up fine, put to soak in warm water, then take the water and sprinkle the leaves of the plants freely and soak the earth well. If some pieces of tobacco fall in all the better. Put in a few drops of ammonia, as it is good to keep away vermin of all kinds. I can sympathize with the lady as I nearly lost all my plants two years ago with the small pink lice that comes in a web. They were the worst on my foliage plants, and I had some lovely ones.

If M. M. will clip the ends of her eyelashes once a month, she will be surprised how quickly they will grow long.

To M. M. L. I would say roll the fruit well in flour before putting in your cake and you will have no trouble with it sinking to the bottom of your fruit cake.—DAISY.

Daisy, "Agri Scott" is a man, the editor of the HOUSEHOLD learns to her surprise, and she has also learned something more in regard to him which was also a surprise. A correspondence is not desirable. As full addresses except in rarely exceptional cases are no longer published, your request would be of no use.—ED.

The following method has been given for renovating feathers and it may be of use to our correspondent "Mattie:" Empty the feathers into a tub of tepid water and wash them thoroughly until clean, then wring them dry through a wringer, and put them in a sack made from a sheet. Hang this on a line to dry, shaking them up occasionally to fill them with air. Do not use hot water.—ED.

MUSIC LESSONS—The first instruction a beginner should receive is the correct use of the fingers, for which purpose simple five finger exercises and scales should be given until he can use the fingers freely. In connection with these exercises, the letters on the key board and staff should be taught, and learned thoroughly; for this purpose I use a reading exercise, changing it frequently and expecting the pupil to read it in from three to five minutes according to the length of the exercise.

Next a few of the most common and simple signs should be taught, such as staff, etc.; the value of the notes explained; also time; giving simple exercises to illustrate.

We are now ready for a simple set of studies, for beginners; and on through a carefully selected and graded set of studies; Pieces should be used occasionally to stimulate the interest of the pupil, graded according to his capacity.

I use the scales major and minor with arpeggios, broken chords and seventh chords throughout my whole course of instruction, devoting the first 15 minutes of a pupil's lesson to their performance. Hope I have made this plain.—BLONDIE'S FRIEND.

MRS. L. L. SCHOOLER:—Be careful not to bake your bread too fast as that causes it to have a hard crust. The moment you take it from the oven rub it over lightly with a small cloth dipped in lard or butter, and cover well with a large tablecloth. This is the way I do and I never have any trouble with hard crust.

Use hellebore diluted with soft water, sprinkle your plants well and I think you will have no more trouble with insects on your plants.

TO A WIDOW:—The best way to repair your bible is to take it to a bindery and have it rebound, but if you do not wish to go to that expense it might have a heavy card-board cover firmly fastened to the back, and that covered with plush. If neatly done it will look very nice.—BUSY BELLE.

Recipes.

GINGER SNAPS.—1 cupful butter; 1 1-2 cupfuls molasses; 1-2 cupful sugar; 1 teaspoonful ginger; 2 teaspoonfuls soda dissolved in a little hot water; flour to mix stiff enough to remain in shape while baking.—ILLINOIS MAE.

ORANGE CAKE.—2 cupfuls sugar; 2 1-2 cupfuls flour; 1-2 cupful water; pinch of salt; 1 teaspoonful cream tartar in the flour; 1-2 teaspoonful soda in the water; yolks of 4 eggs, whites of 2; juice and grated rind of 1 orange; bake in 4 layers. For the filling, whites of 2 eggs; 8 tablespoonfuls powdered sugar; juice and grated rind of 1 orange; cook as for soft custard, and spread between the cakes.—ED.

CREAM PUFFS.—Boil together 1 cupful water, 1-2 cupful butter; while boiling add 1 cupful flour; stir until smooth. When cool, stir in 3 eggs, not beaten; drop on a pan and bake 25 minutes.

CREAM FOR FILLING.—1-2 cupful sugar; 1 egg; 2 heaping teaspoonfuls flour; pour into this 1-2 teacupful boiling milk; flavor when cold; cut open puffs and fill with the cream.

POTATO CREAM.—Take 1 qt. of well-seasoned mashed potatoes; add to it the beaten whites of 2 eggs; mix well and set in the oven until light and puffy.

RAISED FRIED CAKES.—One teacupful milk; ½ cupful sugar; 1 egg; 1 tablespoonful butter; a small quantity nutmeg; 1 cake compressed yeast; and enough flour to work well, and let it raise. Add flour enough to make stiff. Let it raise once more. Roll into shape and fry in hot lard. Sprinkle with sugar. If preferred without the sugar sprinkled on the top, more sugar will have to be put in the cakes or they will be hardly sweet enough.—MOSS AGATE.

LEMON CAKE.—One cupful butter; 1½ cupfuls sugar; 1 cupful milk; 3 cupfuls flour; 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder. Bake in layers.

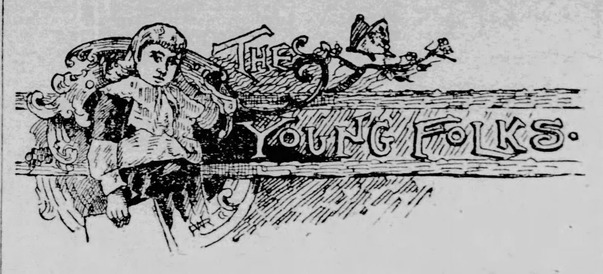
FILLING FOR LEMON CAKE.—Juice and grated rind of 2 lemons; 3 eggs; 1 tablespoonful melted butter; ½ lb. sugar. Beat well together, and boil 5 minutes, stirring it constantly. When cold, spread on the cakes.—HELEN VAN H.

CRULLERS.—1 pt. of granulated sugar; 1 pt. of thick, sour cream; 1 pt. of fresh buttermilk; 2 small teaspoonfuls of soda; 4 eggs, beaten separately; flour to roll. Mix soft, and cut with round cutter, which takes center out. Roll in pulverized sugar while hot, so as to thoroughly coat them.

CREAM, OR COCOANUT PIE.—1 cupful pulverized sugar; ½ cupful unsalted butter; ½ cupful of cold water; 2 eggs, beaten separately; 1½ cupful flour, sifted with 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder.

CREAM FOR PIE.—½ cupful sugar; 1 egg; ½ cupful flour. Beat the egg, stir in the sugar and flour, add ½ pt. of boiling water and 2 tablespoonfuls of cocoanut. Put soft frosting on top when done, and sprinkle with cocoanut. Bake the cake part in two tin pans, with the cream on top. When done, add frosting.—MRS. BRUCE.

—Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses curative powers exclusively its own, and which make it "peculiar to itself." Be sure to get Hood's.



BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

DOWNS, ILL.	MT. IDAHO, IDAHO.
Stanley Myers	Hattie Bartley
Lutta Kershaw	LINCOLN, NEB.
Elmer Downs	Bertha Skinner
Bertha Mason	Beatrice Skinner
Lavina Downs	LOCUST LANE, VA.
May Oliver	Sally Wheatley
Price Downs	John B M Wheatley
Robert Kershaw	Minnie E A Wheatley
Chloe Downs	TOLEDO, O.
Sadie Downs	Robbie Wilson

Names this week, 17. Total, 29,230.

The above embraces all names received up to May 2.

For the Young Folks.

THE SWEETEST SONG.

The sweetest song I ever heard,
Consisted of one little word,
Repeated o'er and o'er so oft,
A mother's bye-bye, sweet and soft.
—J. Gordon Temple.

THE INTERNATIONAL BAND.

WHAT FREDDIE SAID TO HIS BROTHERS IN THE KITCHEN.

Mamma's got a headache pain,
And had to go to bed again;
And papa's gone into the town
To bring Aunt Arethusa down.
And Mary's gone after doctor's stuff
As if poor mamma hadn't enough!
And we must be the best boys,
And never make a bit of noise;
And we will be just terrible good,
I promised Mary that we would;
So come on boys and lend a hand,
And we will play at German band;
I know 'twon't hurt dear mamma's head,
Cause you can't hear nuffin' when you're in bed.

Now Ted you take the big tin pan,
And bang it hard as ever you can;
And Jack will take the shovel and tongs,
And beat the time to all our songs.
The dinner horn will just suit me,
And how I'll blow it you shall see;
And I will be the leader too,
And strike the table one-and-two.
Now we are ready to begin,
Ted here's a spoon to strike the tin.
Now, tootle-too! and a bim, bim, bang!
And a two-who-who! and a rum, bum, clang!
And a-cling-a-ling! and with foot and hand,
Hooray! for the American German band.

WHAT TEDDIE SAID TO HIS POOR, PALE MAMMA, WHO STOOD IN THE DOORWAY IN DESPAIR.

"Why mamma, we didn't never know
Our music could have hurt you so!
We 'fought—you know you said so Fwed—
Zat you can't hear nuffin' when you're in bed.
And we was bein' the bestest boys—
And nobody calls music noise'"
—[Oliver Harper in Sunny Hour.

The First Holiday of the Summer.

For the Young Folks.

A CURIOUS COUNTRY.

BY L. R. MORPHEW.

At a certain point near the eastern border of that great plateau which contains the world-famed *Llano-Estacado* there is a strange region which holds more wonders and curiosities, mineral, vegetable and animal together, than perhaps all the New England states combined—yet this locality is seldom mentioned by any traveller, or explored by any scientist, and many of the natives themselves know very little of the wonders around them.

The land itself presents a great variety of surface; levels, slopes, mounds, ridges, ravines, valleys, mountains—the first being few and small, but in one respect it is all alike—covered with a vast, unbroken forest for hundreds of miles to the westward and southward. Even the high, steep and rocky mountain ridges present the same rank green growth, to the astonishment of every stranger; most of whom find it hard to believe that a tree can flourish on a dry, bare granite rock.

If you ask a native to explain, he will usually tersely reply: "It's the climate; things jest exist on the air!" And in truth, though even the cultivated lands are stony and barren looking, they produce a great variety of grains, fruits and flowers, and a goodly amount to the acre, too. Grapes, blackberries, huckleberries, dewberries, persimmons, pawpaws, muscadines and other fruits grow wild in great abundance, and often of finest quality; the grapes, especially, revel and glory even on the rockiest, most forbidding-looking hills, and are precisely like "tame" grapes in size and form, though of nameless variety as to flavor; some are of astounding size and delicious enough for an emperor; some have very thin skins, some thick; some many seeds, some few. The vines usually lie on the ground unsupported.

The timber is principally yellow pine, but some travellers assert that a greater variety of trees are to be found there than anywhere else in the United States.

The rocks are mainly granite, slate, sandstone and shale, but very pure and beautiful quartz crystals are scattered all about, and may be found in various forms, in geometric regularity or in fantastic freaks, sometimes exhibiting fairy castles "like the visions of a dream." The whitest, finest honestone or whetstone is quarried from some of the hills. Mineral paints, or pigments suitable for making such, abound in the undeveloped mines. Nearly all the metals are suspected, but so far have appeared in such combinations as render them difficult of reduction.

Flint is so plentiful that a huge boulder rolling down a mountain side, at night, produced an almost constant blaze of fire—making a magnificent sport for boys, and pleasing even the gravest of men.

The streams, even where there seems nothing but loose stones at their bottoms, are choked with bushes, vines and rare flowering shrubs.

The climate is so mild that figs, bananas and other semi-tropical fruits are sometimes found flourishing, under kind treatment; but are, of course, only reared for curiosities.

But the animals of this region constitute its chief attraction, in my opinion.

Among these the rarest are: The tarantula, the centipede, the scorpion, the joint snake (which truly is no myth, but a substantial reality), the stinging worm, the "rotten turtle" and the flying lizard; which latter I never heard of until I visited that region. And the "rotten turtle" —which I can call by no other name—seems comparatively unknown, considering its hideous appearance and terrible habits. In clear, warm water you will see one lying motionless in some unnatural attitude (as if dropped or drifted there, like anything but a living creature), its shell covered with moss; its legs widely extended, swelled, slimy, apparently rotten enough to drop to pieces at a touch; the head a shapeless mass, with bursting, moss-grown eyes. It may be the size of a pint cup. A small fish nibbles curiously round it, finally approaching the head, when lo! the carcass, the foul monster, darts out a long neck, full of life and venom and fury, and snatches the deceived fish in a twinkling, its eyes now like fire.

I have seen many mysteries, but never a living thing so transformed before. I write of it, not to impart information, but to inquire whether it is known to scientific men and to stimulate research.

The flying lizard is more pleasing to contemplate. Its commonest color is a bright-green, but it rapidly changes to brown and red when frighted; its parachute, in fact, is red or pink at all times when visible. It is very shy, compared to other lizards (of which there are many species), and its motions so quick the eye can scarcely follow them. It flies as far and as well in proportion to its size as the flying squirrel or flying rat. Its thin, almost transparent parachute may be seen under its neck—looking as large and nearly as round as a silver dollar—as it lifts its head after flying insects, thousands of which it destroys daily.

And just here I would like to inform young people that most lizards are harmless—*i. e.* to man—and are useful beyond computation. In fact, about all reptiles, including the poisonest serpents, wage a successful warfare upon insects—which latter, if unrestrained, would soon conquer the world more terribly than ever did Napoleon, or any other warrior of human shape.

Having observed lizards more carefully, I am almost inclined to believe they do more good, and certainly less harm, than most birds—which is saying very much indeed in their favor.

In cold and chilly weather lizards, like snakes, are stupid, sometimes even insensible—but in very warm weather the quickness of their motions is remarkable. They can bear greater heat than any other living creatures. I have seen one, pursued by a dog, dash recklessly through a yard of white-oak coals glowing with intense heat, the first time without any apparent injury, and repeating the astonishing feat at least five times consecutively (back and forth) before being overcome by the heat. I calculated that a piece of dry wood of the lizard's size would have been burned to a coal in the same time, if stationary. The coals referred to were several inches deep, being a part of the remains of an immense logheap in a farmer's clearing, a huge remaining chunk of which the reptile had been hiding under. They seem to like living in a burning pile—of course, however, keeping out of the coals except when seeking a temporary refuge in them from some less salamander-like foe. I am so interested in these little saurians that when I begin about them I find it difficult to quit the subject.

For my business is such that I have, just at present, few opportunities to enjoy the society of thinking men and women.

DEPTH OF MERCY.

MRS. A. M. PAYNE.

Ruby Morse—simple Ruby, as the children called him—the little feeble minded son of Mr. Charles Morse, sat on the door-step waiting for his nurse to bring his hat, and take him to walk.

He was softly singing, and counting over and over some straws which he held, sorting them into bunches and laughing gleefully at the result he obtained. His mother passed across the hall behind him, but she only glanced at the little figure on the step with a low sigh. She seldom spoke to this, her only son. He was a bitter disappointment to her. His father bade them give him all he wanted, and feeling his duty done, never inquired for him. The only child was a girl of 14 who was openly ashamed of him. "Never bring him where I am," she cried, with a stamp of her dainty foot, "he looks lieke a money and sings all the time. I never tell anybody I have such a brother."

Yet Ruby was happy—with joyous childish gladness in each new day, which he spent as if it was the first day of creation, and God's loving hand had just finished everything—he went from one pleasure to another with fresh zeal because night brought forgetfulness, and each new day was a fresh life to begin over again.

Yet, although he did not realize it, all his happiness came through the loving, tender care of one poor, ill-taught girl who had been hired to wait upon him and follow him about. She had been obtained when Ruby first began to walk, and her mother spared her from home "because of the wages."

But Minnie was not like an ordinary girl of 12. She had that strong mother nature which is born in some women, and which cannot be bought with "wages." She opened her great gray eyes in pitiful surprise when she discovered that the little boy put under her care was almost like the dog who trotted by his side, nay, needed more attention than the brute, for with a lingering sense that was above instinct, as he grew, he sought occupations and amusements without regard to danger, and often the dog and nurse were needed to restrain him, and they worked well together. The little mother-heart clung to her charge, and when with a dim wonder she saw Ruby was shunned and totally neglected by those, who should have tenderly cared for him, she began to try to fill their places in his regard and became playmate and mother to the little, simple minded boy.

He clung to her for everything, and when he found she could sing to him, he would sit on a low stool at her feet while she sewed, and listen hour after hour to the strange mixture of solemn church tunes and wild Irish melodies which she sang. She had one of those peculiar, wild voices with an indescribable depth of pathos in it, and she had learned a great number of songs and hymns. Ruby and she would wander miles beyond the town and along the lovely country roads, and the farmers' wives standing at their kitchen windows would hear the sound of the plaintive singing and the low humming noise, with which it was accompanied, and Ruby and Minnie would be seen hand in hand with baskets full of flowers going homeward.

Nobody ever spoke to them or disturbed them, and they were very merry together. Minnie would gather great bunches of clover and make a wreath "to crown Ruby," she said, and he would put it on and wait about the schol-house until the children came out, that they might see "Ruby's crown."

There was one strange old hymn of which he was very fond. Minnie saved it for a "good-night song," she told him and sang to the innocent listener as his big blue eyes were fixed upon her face, and the lids drooped lower and lower as the plaintive notes of Pleyel's hymn floated out of the window, upon the still night air:

Depth of Mercy! can there be
Mercy still in store for me.

Curious words to enter the ear and play upon the feelings of a meek little feeble-minded child, who could never comprehend their deep significance.

But he always demanded the quaint old hymn, and Minnie sometimes said that she thought the good angels taught him the meaning of it.

All the mother and father love, which the child had missed, all the devoted tenderness of a fond sister, or the sheltering care of a brother which he had never known, were made up to him in the unvarying kindness and attention of his little nurse. It never wavered. She was the one person in the world to him, and with a kind of love such as a dog will show to a master, he clung to her.

They were abroad as usual, one day wandering up and down through the streets of the village picking dandelions by the wayside, or showing their delight in the beauty of the fair spring morning, idly moving to and fro.

"Look, Minnie, see!" said the child, standing still in the middle of the road and pointing to a new house in course of erection. The men were busy with the roofing: bright sheets of tin lay coiled up, glistening in the morning sun, and the workmen were busy in placing them.

One man, whom long habit had accustomed him to fearlessness, was walking across the roof very near the edge, and then turning came back the

Talmage's Sermon.

HIS SUBJECT IS "NARROW ESCAPES."

He Speaks of Many Who Have Escaped Serious Accident by the Skin of Their Teeth, and Shows that the Almighty Preserved Them.

BROOKLYN, May 4—After the long meter doxology and appropriate hymns had been sung by the congregation, in the Academy of Music, and prayer had been offered, Dr. Talmage preached on "Narrow Escapes," taking as his text Job xix, 20: "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth." Following is his sermon in full:

Job had it hard. What with boils and bereavements and bankruptcy, and a fool of a wife, he wished he was dead; and I do not blame him. His flesh was gone and his bones were dry. His teeth wasted away until nothing but the enamel seemed left. He cries out, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth." There has been some difference of opinion about this passage. St. Jerome and Schultens, and Doctors Goode and Poole and Barnes have all tried their forceps on Job's teeth. You deny my interpretation and say, "What did Job know about the enamel of the teeth?" He knew everything about it. Dental surgery is almost as old as the earth. The mummies of Egypt, thousands of years old, are found to-day with gold filling in their teeth. Ovid and Horace and Solomon and Moses wrote about these important factors of the body. To other provoking complaints Job, I think, have added an exasperating toothache, and putting his hand against the inflamed face, he says,

"I Am Escaped With the Skin of My Teeth."

A very narrow escape, you say, for Job's body and soul; but there are thousands of men who make just as narrow escape for their soul. There was a time when the partition between them and ruin was no thicker than a tooth's enamel; but as Job finally escaped, so have they. Thank God! thank God!

Paul expresses the same idea by a different figure when he says that some people are "saved as by fire." A vessel at sea is in flames. You go to the stern of the vessel. The boats have shoved off. The flames advance; you can endure the heat no longer on your face. You slide down on the side of the vessel, and hold on with your fingers, until the forked tongue of the fire begins to lick the back of your hand, and you feel that you must fall, when one of the lifeboats comes back, and the passengers say they think they have room for one more. The boat swings under you—you drop into it—you are saved. So some men are pursued by temptation until they are partially consumed, but, after all, get off—"saved as by fire." But I like the figure of Job a little better than that of Paul, because the pulpit has not worn it out; and I want to show you, if God will help, that some men make narrow escapes for their souls, and are saved as "with the skin of their teeth."

It is as easy for some people to look to the Cross as for you to look to the pulpit. Mild, gentle, tractable, loving, you expect them to become Christians. You go over to the store and say, "Grandson joined the church yesterday." Your business comrades say, "That is just what might have been expected; he always was that turn of mind." In youth, this person whom I describe was always good. He never broke things. He never laughed when it was improper to laugh. At 7 he could sit an hour in church, perfectly quiet, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, but straight into the eyes of the minister as though he understood the whole discussion about the eternal decrees. He never upset things nor lost them. He floated into the kingdom of God so gradually that it is uncertain when the matter was decided.

I may be preaching to some who have cut loose from the churches and Bibles and Sundays, and who have come here with no intention of becoming Christians themselves, but just to see what is going on; and yet you may find yourself escaping, before you leave this house, as "with the skin of your teeth." I do not expect to waste this hour. I have seen boats go off from Cape May or Long Branch, and drop their nets and after awhile come ashore, pulling in the nets, without having caught a single fish. It was not a good day, or they had not the right kind of a net. But we expect no such excursion to-day. The water is full of fish, the wind is in the right direction, the gospel net is strong. Oh, thou who didst help Simon and Andrew to fish, show us to-day how to cast the net

On the Right Side of the Ship!

Some of you, in coming to God, will have to run against skeptical notions. It is useless for people to say sharp and cutting things to those who reject the Christian religion. I cannot say such things. By what process of temptation or trial or betrayal you have come to your present state, I know not. There are two gates to your nature: the gate of the head and the gate of the heart. The gate of your head is locked with bolts and bars that an archangel could not break, but the gate of your heart swings easily on its hinges. If I assaulted your body with weapons, you would meet me with weapons, and it would be sword-stroke for sword-stroke, and wound for wound, and blood for blood; but if I come and knock at the door of your house, you open it, and give me the best seat in your parlor. If I should come at you now with an argument, you would answer me with an argument: if with sarcasm, you would answer me with sarcasm; blow for blow, stroke for stroke; but when I come and knock at the door of your heart, you open it and say, "Come in, my brother, and tell me all you know about Christ and heaven."

Listen to two or three question: Are you as happy as you used to be when you believed in the truth of the Christian religion? Would you like to have your children travel on in the road in which you are now traveling? You had a relative who professed to be a Christian, and was thoroughly consistent, living and dying in the faith of the Gospel. Would you not like to live the same quiet life, and die the same peaceful death? I have a letter sent me by one who has rejected the Christian religion. It says: "I am old enough to know that the joys and pleasures of life are evanescent, and to realize the fact that it must be comfortable in old age to believe in something relative to the future, and to have a faith in some system that proposes to save. I am free to confess that I would be happier if I could exercise the simple and beautiful faith that is possessed by many whom I know. I am not willingly out of the church or out of the faith. My state of uncertainty is one of unrest. Sometimes I doubt my immortality, and look upon the deathbed as the closing scene, after which there is nothing. What shall I do that I have not done?" Ah! skepticism is a dark and doleful land. Let me say that this Bible is true or false. If it is false, we are as well off as you; if it be true, then

Which of Us is Safer?

Let me also ask whether your trouble has not been that you confounded Christianity with the inconsistent character of some who profess it? You are a lawyer. In your profession there are mean and dishonest men. Is that anything against the law? You are a doctor. There are unskilled and contemptible men in your profession. Is that anything against medicine? You are a merchant. There are thieves and defrauders in your business. Is that anything against merchandise? Behold, then, the unfairness of charging upon Christianity the wickedness of its disciples. We admit some of the charges against those who profess religion. Some of the most gigantic swindles of the present day have been carried on by members of the church. There are men standing in the front rank in the churches who would not be trusted for $5 without good collateral security. They leave their business dishonesties in the vestibule of the church as they go in and sit at the communion. Having concluded the sacrament, they get up, wipe the wine from their lips, go out, and take up their sins where they left off. To serve the devil is their regular work; to serve God, a sort of play-spell. With a Sunday sponge they expect to wipe off from their business slate all the past week's inconsistencies. You have no more right to take such a man's life as a specimen of religion than you have to take the twisted irons and split timbers that lie on the beach at Coney Island as a specimen of an American ship. It is time that we draw a line between religion and the frailties of those who profess it.

Do you not feel that the Bible, take it all in all, is about the best book that the world has ever seen? Do you know any book that has as much in it? Do you not think, upon the whole, that its influence has been beneficient? I come to you with both hands extended toward you. In one hand I have the Bible, and in the other I have nothing. This Bible in one hand I will surrender forever just as soon as in my other hand you can put a book that is better. To-day I invite you back into the good old-fashioned religion of your fathers—to the God whom they worshiped, to the Bible they read, to the promises on which they leaned, to the cross on which they hung their eternal expectations. You have not been happy a day since you swung off; you will

Not be Happy a Minute Until You Swing Back.

There is a large class of persons in middle life who have still in them appetites that were aroused in early manhood, at a time when they prided themselves on being a "little fast," "high livers," "free-and-easy," "hail fellows well met." They are now paying, in compound interest, for troubles they collected twenty years ago. Some of you are trying to escape, and you will, yet very narrowly, "as with the skin of your teeth." God and your own soul only know what the struggle is. Omnipotent grace has pulled out many a soul that was down in the mire than you are. They line the beach of heaven—the multitude whom God has rescued from the thrall of suicidal habits. If you this day turn your back on the wrong and start anew, God will help you. Oh the weakness of human help! Men will sympathize for a while, and then turn you off. If you ask for their pardon, they will give it, and say they will try you again; but, falling away again under the power of temptation, they cast you off forever. But God forgives 70 times seven; yea, 700 times; yet, though this be the ten-thousandth time, he is more earnest, more sympathetic, more helpful, this last time than when you took your first misstep.

There are men who have been capsized of evil passions, and capsized mid-ocean, and they are a thousand miles away from any shore of safety. They have for years been trying to dig their way out. They have been digging away, and digging away, but they can never be delivered unless they will hoist some signal of distress. However weak and feeble it may be, Christ will see it and bear down upon the helpless craft, and take them on board; and it will be known in earth and in heaven how narrowly they escaped—"Escaped as with the skin of their teeth."

There are others who in attempting to come to God, must run between a great many business perplexities. If a man go over to business at 10 o'clock in the morning, and comes away at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, he has some time for religion; but how shall you find time for religious contemplation when you are driven from sunrise to sunset, and have been for five years going behind in business, and are frequently dunned by creditors from whom you cannot pay, and when, from Monday morning until Saturday night, you are dodging bills that you cannot meet? You walk day by day in uncertainties that have kept your brain on fire for the past three years. Some with less business troubles than you have gone crazy. The clerk has heard a noise in the back counting-room, and gone in and found the chief man of the firm a raving maniac; or the wife heard the bang of a pistol in the back parlor, and gone in, stumbling over the dead body of her husband—a suicide. There are in this house to-day three hundred men pursued, harrassed, trodden down, and scalped of business perplexities, and which way to turn next they do not know. Now God will not be hard on you. He knows what obstacles are in the way of your being a Christian, and your first effort in the right direction he will crown with success. Do not let Satan, with cotton bales and kegs and hogsheads and counters and stocks of unsalable goods block up your way to heaven. Gather up all your energies. Tighten the girdle about your loins. Take an agonizing look into the face of God, and then say, "Here goes one grand effort for life eternal!" and then bound away for heaven, escaping as "with the skin of your teeth."

In the Last Day it Will be Found

that Hugh Latimer and John Knox and Huss and Ridley were not the greatest martyrs, but Christian men who went up incorrupt from the contaminations and perplexities of Wall street, Water street, Pearl street, Broad street, State street, and Third street. On earth they were called brokers, or jobbers, or retailers, or importers; but in heaven, Christian heroes. No faggots were heaped about their feet; no inquisition demanded from them incantation; no soldier aimed a pike at their heart; but they had mental tortures, compared with which all physical consuming is as the breath of a spring morning.

I find in the community a large class of men who have been so cheated, so lied about, so outrageously wronged, that they have lost their faith in everything. In a world where everything seems so topsy-turvey, they do not see how there can be any God. They are confounded and frenzied and misanthropic. Elaborate arguments to prove to them the truth of Christianity, or the truth of anything else, touch them nowhere. Hear me, all such men. I preach to you no rounded periods, nor ornamental discourse; but put my hand on your shoulder, and invite you into the peace of the Gospel. Here is a rock on which you may stand firm, though the waves dash against it harder than the Atlantic, pitching its surf clear above Eddystone Lighthouse. Do not charge upon God all these troubles of the world. As long as the world stuck to bad, God stuck to the world; but the earth seceded from his government, and hence all these outrages, and all these woes. God is good. For many hundred of years he has been coaxing the world to come back to him; but the more he has coaxed, the more violent have men been in their resistance, and they have stepped back and stepped back until they have dropped into ruin.

Try this God, ye who have had the bloodhounds after you, and who have thought that God had forgotten you. Try him and see if he will not help. Try him and see if he will not pardon. Try him and see if he will not save. The flowers of spring have no bloom so sweet as the flowering of Christ's affections. The sun hath no warmth compared with the glow of his heart. The waters have no refreshment like the fountain that will slake the thirst of thy soul. At the moment the reindeer stands with his lip and nostril thrust in the cool mountain torrent the hunter may be coming through the thicket. Without crackling a stick under his foot, he comes close by the stag, aims his gun, draws the trigger, and the poor thing rears in its death agony and falls backward, its antlers crashing on the rocks; but the panting heart that drinks from the water brooks of God's promise shall never be fatally wounded and shall never die.

This world is a poor portion for your soul, oh, business man! An eastern king had graven on his tomb two fingers, represented as sounding upon each other with a snap, and under them the motto, "All is not worth that." Apicius Cœlius hanged himself because his steward informed him that he had only eight thousand pounds sterling left. All of this world's riches make but a small inheritance for a soul. Robespierre attempted to win the applause of the world; but when he was dying a woman came rushing through the crowd, crying to him, "Murderer of my kindred, descend to hell, covered with the curses of every mother in France!" Many who have expected the plaudits of the world have died under its Anathema Maranatha.

Oh, find your peace in God. Make one long, swift sail for heaven. No half-way work will do it. There sometimes comes a time on shipboard when everything must be sacrificed to save the passengers. The cargo is nothing, the rigging nothing. The captain puts the trumpet to his lips and shouts: "Cut away the mast!" Some of you have been tossed and driven, and you have, in your effort to keep the world, well nigh lost your soul. Until you have decided this matter, let everything else go. Overboard with all those other anxieties and burdens! You will have to drop the sails of your pride and cut away the mast. With one earnest cry for help, put your cause into the hand of him who helped Paul out of the breakers of Melita, and who, above the shrill blast of the wrathiest tempest that ever blackened the sky or shook the ocean, can hear the faintest imploration for mercy.

I shall go home to-day feeling that some of you who have considered your case as hopeless will take heart again, and that, with a blood-red earnestness, such as you have never experienced before, you will start for the good land of the gospel—at last to look back, saying: "What a great risk I ran! Almost lost, but saved! Just got through and no more! Escaped by the skin of my teeth."

Weak, Nervous Men!

Send for sealed directions, free, of a common sense home cure. No electric nonsense; no stomach drugging. Address Albion Pharmacy Co., Albion, Mich.

The Farmstead.

The Blade Farmstead.

The editor of the BLADE FARM has spent many pleasant hours in efforts to please its readers, and the many kindly words from correspondents will ever be a pleasant memory with him. The BLADE FARM sounds well, but it has not seemed to the editor sufficiently significant. It seems like bidding a final farewell to a friend who has been bound to you by "hooks of steel," to take a new name. Yet in the strides of progress, and to reach the highest point of excellence, the old must give way to the new. The editor on the advent of THE BLADE'S beautiful new dress has adopted a name of wider scope, and one that is more expressive than that of THE BLADE FARM. THE BLADE FARMSTEAD has been selected, as its meaning embraces the farm, the garden, the orchard and the home. It signifies the fields of golden grain; the appetizing esculent plants; fruits of vines and trees; and rare flowers that dispense their sweets to delight and make pleasant and happy the dear surroundings of *home*. With this new and excellent name, the editor looks forward to many more satisfying moments with the correspondents of the BLADE FARMSTEAD. And while he expects to put forth his best energies to make the FARMSTEAD acceptable to all, he feels that he can depend upon your aid in making it of great value. Let us hear from you on any question which the name signifies.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Itch on Horses—Cow Will Not Come in Heat.

C. S. M., Kansas: Wash the eruptions with soft soap and water, and when dry apply iodine, ¼ oz.; iodide of potash, ½ oz.; tar, ½ oz.; lard, unsalted, 4 ozs. Mix well. In washing be careful to get none of the exudation from the pimples on your hands. Feed no corn until the eruptions have disappeared. Feed at regular hours, and give the horses no water while sweating. Wash the harness with carbolic acid 1 part, water 10 parts. Do not use the currycomb or brush on other horses that you use for those on which pimples appear. Clean the stalls thoroughly. As to the cow, perhaps you have her too fat. If so, give her a dose of ¾ lb. of salts, and afterward put her on thin pasture where she cannot gather her food too easily. She should be made work for it. Sluggishness leads to lack of desire. If she is poor bring her up to a fair, not fat, condition.

Origin of Wyandotte Fowls.

J. C., South Dakota: The Wyandotte fowl is accepted as originating in the United States. It is the result of a cross of Silver-spangled Hamburg males with Buff Cochins, also with Dark Brahmas. In some of the original crosses French breeds were included, but afterward these crosses were mated together, the outcome being the Wyandotte. We observe you call them chickens. A chicken is a bird that is under one year of age.

They Died of Apoplexy.

N. G., Oregon: You tell the same story of hundreds of other people who raise fowls. Tall dead combs, dark red. Sometimes they run around in circles, or drop down, struggle, as if about to die, and soon appear looking as bright as ever. These conditions are apoplectic. The cause almost invariably is overfeeding. If the fowls have good range and plenty of grass reduce their feed at least one-half for two or three weeks. You need not be afraid that they will starve to death. Indeed, if they have a wide range at this season of the year they should be left to get along for a week or two with but little food of any kind. See that the water they get is fresh. A teaspoonful of castor oil to each fowl will be a good thing. There is an old and trite saying that a person may be "too kind by half." This, no doubt, is the case with you. You are giving your fowls about twice as much as they should have to eat, until they get some of the surplus fat removed.

Soft-Shell Eggs.

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Green Worms on Raspberries.

F. H., Illinois: The best thing you can do to rid your raspberry bushes of the green worms of which you speak, will be to use Persian insect powder or buhach powder, the latter preferred. Take about a tablespoonful of the powder and stir it in about a quart of water and spray the bushes, under as well as over the leaves. The powder should be kept in an air-tight box, so that it will not lose its strength. If any is offered to you in an open jar, do not buy it. The root borer is the worst enemy of the raspberry. The eggs are laid by a waspish looking moth, in June and July, on canes near the ground. When the egg hatches the larva eats its way down to the root. It lives there until the next spring, and then passes up through another branch, and appears as a moth, to begin the destructive work of laying eggs. The only remedy known, we believe, is to cut out the dying canes early in the summer, and continue this until the larvæ are destroyed.

Dead Broncho.

E. R. C., Iowa: One-half the stomach of your broncho seemed inflamed, while the other half was natural. The inner coating of the inflamed part was streaked with a network of red; also a large clot of coagulated blood in the neck, as though she had received a hurt there. Partly on the inflamed, and partly on the natural part of the stomach was a handful of bots. In what condition was your broncho? If poor, the bots were very likely an irritating influence, and the millet hay assisted in aggravating. These would cause indigestion and the inflammation a sequence, causing spasmodic cholera. This causes a contraction of the muscular coats of the intestines, and if not checked runs into inflammation. Bot worms live in the horses about eight months, and as a usual thing are harmless. When they become so numerous as to block up the pyleric orifice or opening from the stomach to the intestine, they become dangerous, although this is a very rare occurence. They are an irritating entoza at times when the animal is not in good health or is fed on poor diet, and in this they are assistinar to worms, as they live in horses in all conditions, but superindree poverty. There may have been some other cause than here given for the death of your broncho, which would be apparent to a veterinary surgeon after examination, but it seems to the editor, who has to judge entirely by your very intelligently written letter, that irritation of the stomach led to spasmodic colic, and consequent death on account of lack of prompt treatment.

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To make an incubator to hold about 100 eggs, the egg drawer should be about two feet by three feet. To make the heater, take two boards two feet and 10 inches long and seven inches wide, nail these together so as to make a box without bottom or cover. Now cover the top with flooring and the bottom with a sheet of zinc well nailed on. Bore eight half inch holes in the top, about eight inches from either side and same distance apart, so there will be two rows of four holes each. Now make a hole in each side, about midway, four inches in diameter. Over this hole nail a piece of tin with a hole two inches across. This is for the pipe running from the lamp, and furnishes the heat. Make the egg drawer the same size as the heater, but only four inches deep. This drawer has no cover, and the bottom is to be made of strips one inch square and nailed crossways on the bottom one inch apart. On the inside of this tack an old coffee sack stretched tight. Next take two pieces half an inch thick and one inch wide and two feet five inches long, and two pieces of the same material one foot and ten inches long. Nail these together so that in laying it in the egg drawer the frame will only be half an inch deep. Over this frame stretch a piece of good, new bleached muslin, very tight. The eggs will lie in this muslin. Now bore holes in the sides of the egg drawer just above this frame two inches apart and half an inch in diameter, and put pieces across the drawer to lay the eggs between. By moving this canvas backward and forward, the eggs can be turned. This finishes the egg drawer. Now make another box the same size as the heater, eight inches deep, with a tight bottom. In this bottom bore holes same as in the top of the heater for ventilation. This box is to be placed under the egg drawer and filled to within an inch of the top with sawdust. Now place the last box mentioned on pieces two inches wide running crossways and extending seven inches on either side, being careful not to cover the holes in the bottom of the sawdust box. On this box place the egg drawer and on the egg drawer the heater with the zinc side down. Place the shavings between the egg drawer and the heater to give the egg drawer room to slide out and in easily. Now take two boards ten inches wide and nail to each side on both the sawdust box and the heater, and also a board on the back end. Now we have the incubator but it must be surrounded with eight inches of sawdust. To do this lay down two boards on the bottom cross pieces; these boards should be eight inches wide and three feet and eight inches long. Across the back end place another board in the same manner, and build sides and end up eight inches above the top of heater, then fill with sawdust. Now go to the tin shop and get eight half-inch tubes 16 inches long, and eight inches long, also an elbow 2 inches in diameter, one end 8 and the other 12 inches long. Put the short tubes in the lower sawdust box, and the long ones in the holes in the top of the heater, so that the lower end will come down to within an inch of the zinc bottom. Put the long end of the elbow through the hole in the outside box, which must be directly opposite the one in the side of the heater, and covered with tin in the same manner. In order to save heat you can build a small box over the portion of the elbow outside the incubator and fill it with dirt. Put dirt around the elbow where it runs through the sawdust.

Place a lamp under the end of the elbow and shove the chimney as far up as it will go.

Do not put the eggs in until you can keep a uniform heat of 103 deg. to 104 deg. Keep your thermometer in the egg drawer and sprinkle your eggs every day with tepid water. Turn the eggs twice each day.

I have sometimes made a door to cover the front, but an old piece of carpet hung over the front will do. I hatch about 50 per cent of my eggs.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Egg Record—Feed for Fowls.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—The poultry department has been a source of pleasure and profit. The many good things that have been told have done much good. December, 1888, I bought two pullets, one rooster, Brown Leghorn, and crossed them with Partridge Cochins, so that by August, 1889, I had pullets laying, and soon after, looking as bright as ever. These conditions are apoplectic. The cause almost invariably is overfeeding. If the fowls have good range and plenty of grass reduce their feed at least one-half for two or three weeks. You need not be afraid that they will starve to death. Indeed, if they have a wide range at this season of the year they should be left to get along for a week or two with but little food of any kind. See that the water they get is fresh. A teaspoonful of castor oil to each fowl will be a good thing. There is an old and trite saying that a person may be "too kind by half." This, no doubt, is the case with you. You are giving your fowls about twice as much as they should have to eat, until they get some of the surplus fat removed.

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SPRING

SPRING HUMORS, whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply or blotchy, whether of the skin; scalp, or blood, with loss of hair, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, from infancy to age, are NOW speedily, permanently, and economically cured by that greatest of all known humor cures, the

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Send for "How to Cure Spring Humors."

HUMORS

be known before hatching, and that is by the shape of the egg; the pointed egg produces the male and the round egg the female. I was led to this fact by a remark that my father made in regard to a superior animal more than 60 years ago. Much more wonderful is the assertion made by Prof. Cook, that a queen bee knew the sex of the product of an egg before she lays it.—B. L. BRIER, Fentress county, Tennessee.

Would Like to Ask.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—I would like to ask your correspondents whether the sex of geese, turkey and other eggs can be determined the same way as that given by them in last week's BLADE? —J. W. BECHTOLD, Indiana.

Worms in Windpipe.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—To prevent and cure fowls troubled with worms in the windpipe, and gapes in chickens, give them a piece of camphor gum the size of a kernel of wheat. Catch them open their bills and put it down. One pill is generally enough, but if they continue to gape, give one a day for two or three days.—MRS. D. SCOTT, Wisconsin.

Sex of Eggs.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—A man in the BLADE FARM has a secret that he proposes to keep from other hen men, although of vast importance to the producers of the feathered stock. There is only one way that the sex of the bird can

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

TRADE AND CROPS.

THE TRADE REVIEW.

Crop Damages and Labor Troubles Give an Unfavorable Outlook to Business.

R. G. Dun & Co's. weekly review of trade dated New York, May 3, says: The present outlook for industries and legitimate trade is distinctly less favorable, owing to damage to wheat and cotton and labor disturbances. From St. Paul, Omaha and Milwaukee reports of the outlook are more favorable, but short crops of winter wheat and of cotton would be felt in all trades next fall.

It is most encouraging that the labor demonstrations have thus far led to no violence, and in a number of cities the desire of employes to avoid strikes has caused full or partial concessions. As yet the markets for materials have not been much affected, though sales of pig iron are restricted in some districts. The immediate prospects that many industries may be to some extent disturbed for weeks to come.

The general average of prices is nearly 1 per cent lower than a week ago, notwithstanding a rise of 3½c in wheat, due to reports of injury. The exports both of wheat and flour continue large.

Corn made no advances during the week, and one declined a quarter.

Hogs were 10c per 100 lbs. lower, but pork and lard were advanced a little by speculation, and oil rose 3c.

Cotton rose 3-16. Coffee was unchanged. Raw sugar did not change, but crushed was advanced to 5¾c.

Iron was lower at Pittsburg, but with more sales, and unchanged at Philadelphia, but southern blocks were sold here at $16.75 for No. 1. Steel mills are quoted at $33, buyers claiming further concessions. The market for bar iron is languid, for plates only fair, and for structural not up to expectations.

Reports from other cities are generally favorable as to the volume of business, and bank clearings show an increase over last year of 10 per cent.

At Boston wool is stronger on some grades that are scarce, and a better demand is seen, sales reaching 2,000,000 lbs., yet no improvement whatever is detected in the market for goods there or here.

The difficulties in the clothing trade do not abate and the apprehension of more failures causes uneasiness in this and other cities.

Leather is stronger at Boston and Philadelphia and hides are firm, with domestic higher, the boot and shoe trade being in good shape, with some advance in the prices on new orders.

Chicago reports the usual increase in movement of grain and meats and increasing sales of dry goods, but a stagnant clothing trade. Cleveland finds the general business larger than a year ago, though there and at Pittsburg manufactured iron is "in the dumps" as to prices.

Good crops and large sales of farm products have made things comparatively easy, as the effects of two successive open winters are felt in eastern markets. But exports of all products from New York are 18 per cent below last year's for April while imports have shown an increase of 18 per cent, facts which indicate a heavy excess of imports over exports for that month.

The business failures occurring through out the country during the last seven days are 211, as compared with 218 last week. For the corresponding week last year the figures were 214.

NORTHWESTERN MILLERS.

The Output of the Week Shows a Gain—Condition of Trade.

The Minneapolis, Minn., *Northwestern Miller* of May 2, says: The output of the mills showed another gain last week, the Pillsbury mills grinding very strong and making nearly half the total quantity. The aggregate production for the week was 139,800 barrels—averaging 23,300 barrels daily—against 121,170 barrels the week before, and 102,930 barrels for the corresponding time in 1889, and 181,800 barrels in 1888. Some changes have occurred in the operative list, but almost as much capacity is in operation as a week ago. There were thirteen mills running to-day, and they were grinding about 20,000 barrels per twenty-four hours.

The direct export shipments last week were 28,550 barrels, against 35,270 barrels for the corresponding time in 1889. London asking quotations for 280 pounds (1 l. p.) were: Patents, 24s 6d@25s 6d; bakers, 22s@23s; low grades, 11s 9d@13s.

Receipts of wheat, week ending April 30, were 1,305,200 bushels; shipments—Wheat, 135,720 bushels; flour, 104,976 barrels; mill stuffs, 4,032 tons.

Growing Crops.

Reports from 31 counties in South Dakota, on the condition of growing crops, show that although but little rain has fall en throughout the state and high winds have prevailed in many localities during the past week, early sown wheat is growing nicely. The cold nights and heavy frosts have done no injury other than to slightly damage fruit.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

DEATH OF SENATOR BECK.

The Famous Kentuckian's Heart Ceases Its Work.

Senator Beck dropped dead in the Baltimore & Potomac station at Washington at 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon.

He had just arrived on the limited express from New York and was accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Goodloe, wife of Maj. Goodloe of the United States Marine Corps. He got off the train with the rest of the passengers and walked with his daughter the entire length of the platform and through the gate leading to the station proper. He seemed to walk with an effort and to breath with labor, but these symptoms were the usual accompaniments of exertion with him for some months past.

A few minutes later he exclaimed that he felt dizzy and fell into the arms of his companions and died, from paralysis of the heart.

James Burnie Beck was born in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, February 13, 1822. He received academic education in his native country and, coming to the United States with his parents, settled in Lexington, Ky., and was graduated at the law school of Transylvania University, in that place, in 1848. He then practiced law in Lexington, and in 1856 was elected a representative, and served in the Fortieth, Forty-first, Forty-second and Forty-third Congresses. In 1876 he was elected to the United States Senate and took his seat March 4, 1877. He was re-elected in 1882 and 1888. His term of service would have expired March 3, 1895. During his congressional career Mr. Beck served on important committees, and has often been prominent in important debates. He was especially interested in questions relating to the tariff and the currency. Senator Beck had not been regular in his attendance upon the sessions of the senate for two years, and was in his seat but a few times this congress. The last legislation of general importance with which he was connected was the tariff valuation bill, which passed the senate in March, 1888. He worked on that measure with constant devotion until it was disposed of. One morning shortly necessary to a perfect comprehension. We after the passage of the bill in the committee of the senate on appropriation committee, saying he had been sick the night before and was not then feeling well. That was the first time he had ever known him to be sick, and from that time forward he was never a well man again. During the debate that occurred on the tariff bill that was reported to the Senate as a substitute for the McKinley bill he was not able to take a part, and his absence was a great loss to the Democatic ranks. He was not able to be present at the opening of the special session of the senate in March, 1889, but was sworn in by President Pro-Tem Ingalls some days afterwards. He visited the capitol occasionally since the opening of the Fifty-first Congress, but took no part in the business, not even to vote. His last appearance in the chamber was on the day the case of the new Montana Senators—Sanders and Power—was settled.]

Action In Congress.

The Senate met on Monday the formal announcement of Mr. Beck's death was made by Mr. Blackburn, resolutions were adopted for the appointment of a committee to superintend the funeral at the Senate chamber at 1 o'clock Tuesday, then the Senate adjourned.

The presiding officer announced the following committee to attend the funeral and have charge of all arrangements: Senators Blackburn, Harris, Vance, Kenna, Dawes, Evarts and Manderson.

The remains of Senator Beck have been placed in a casket and laid in the parlor of the home of Representative W. C. P. Breckenridge on Capitol Hill. The Kentucky Congressional delegation have assumed charge of the remains.

The body will remain at Mr. Breckenridge's until just before the funeral services. It is expected that Senator Blackburn will deliver an oration during the services in the Senate. They will then be taken to Lexington, Ky., in a special train. At Lexington they will be turned over to Governor Buckner and the state officials. Dr. W. M. Bartlett, of the Presbyterian church, will conduct the services at the grave. They will take place not later than noon Thursday.

Senator Beck's son, who is in Wyoming, will meet the funeral party at Lexington. The list of honorary pall-bearers is not absolutely settled upon, but those so far selected are: Governor Buckner, ex-Attorney General A. H. Garland, Judge L. S. Trimble, formerly Representative in Congress from the Paducah, Ky., district; O. O. Stealy, correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*; Col. L. Q. Washington, ex-Congressman. Phillip B. Thompson, jr.; Mr. W. M. Smith, superintendent of the botanical gardens, and a long-time friend of the dead senator; Col. J. Fletcher Johnson, of Kentucky, and Mr. Blair Lee, of this city. The active pall-bearers will be capital police.

"Senator Beck was," said Senator Sherman, "a man of strong opinions, vigorous intellect and positive convictions, especially on the subject of free trade. He was honest and conscientious and very stubborn. He was a good senator, industrious and a hard laborer, well equipped with a great variety of arguments. He took the views of the extreme men on financial questions, as against the resumption of specie payment and the general financial policy of the government. While we disagreed in nearly all our opinions on political questions, I had a sincere respect for his honesty and manly and bold expressions of opinion. He was a very useful man, and his death will be greatly regretted by all and deplored as a serious misfortune by his friends and acquaintances."

Senator Allison, with whom Senator Beck was more intimately associated than with any other on the Republican side of the chamber, said:

I first made the acquaintance of Senator Beck when he entered the House in 1867, where I served with him

amendment to the Senate dependent pension bill, was laid before the Senate. The bill and amendment were referred to the committee on Pensions.

In the House the copyright bill was defeated.

Mr. Flower, of New York, presented the joint resolution of the New York legislature in favor of an increase of pay to the letter carriers. Referred.

On motion of Mr. O'Neill, of Pennsylvania, a resolution was adopted setting apart Saturday, June 14, for the delivery of eulogies upon the late Samuel J. Randall, of Pennsylvania.

WASHINGTON, May 3.—Mr. Frye presented two bills, one to place the American merchant marine on an equality with that of other nations, and the other a bill for ocean mail service between the United States and foreign states, and to promote commerce. Read twice and placed on the calendar.

The senate then proceeded to the consideration of the bills on the calendar and passed, among others, the following:

House bill granting right of way to the Little Falls, Mille Lacs and Lake Superior railroad across the Mille Lacs Indian reservation.

Senate bill providing for sundry lighthouses and other aids to navigation on the great lakes.

Senate bill to amend the pre-emption and homestead laws (providing for the selection of lands for educational purposes in lieu of those appropriated for other purposes.)

Senate bills to establish a public park at Pagosa Springs, Col., and another park in Colorado, to be called the Royal Arch park.

Senate bill to increase the accommodations at the Marine Hospital at Detroit, Mich., ($30,000.)

House bill to ratify an act of the Idaho legislature for a wagon road between Mount Idaho and Little Salmon Meadows.

House bill to submit the location of the county seat of Shoshone county, Idaho, to a vote of the people of the county.

House bill for the allowance of certain "Fourth of July" claims.

Senate bill appropriating $5,000 for a farm for the Indian training school at Pierre, S. D.

Senate bill donating the Custom House at Chicago, Ill., as a port of delivery in the customs collection district of New Orleans.

Senate bill amending the act to constitute Lincoln, Neb., a port of delivery.

In the House Mr. Hopkins called up his motion to table the motion to reconsider the vote by which the House yesterday refused to order the copyright bill to engrossment and third reading.

The speaker ruled that the time allotted to the commission on Judiciary having expired, it was not in order now to call up this motion. The motion consequently could be called up only on that day had been assigned for the consideration of business from the committee on Judiciary.

The House then went into committee of the Whole (Mr. Peters, of Kansas, in the chair) on the diplomatic and consular appropriation bill. After debate, the committee rose and the bill was passed.

A joint resolution was passed appropriating $5,000 for the improvement of the Mississippi river from the mouth of the Ohio river, such sum to be immediately available.

Conference reports on public building bills for buildings at Ashland, Wis. (limit $100,000), and Cedar Rapids, Iowa (limit $150,000), were agreed.

The conference report on the Oklahoma town site bill was presented, but no action was taken, and the House adjourned.

WASHINGTON, May 5.—Both Senate and House heard the announcement of the death of Senator Beck, of Kentucky, passed appropriate resolutions and adjourned.

THE PENSION STRUGGLE.

THE MORRILL BILL

Passes the House as a Substitute for the Senate Dependent Bill.

TOLEDO BLADE BUREAU, WASHINGTON, D. C., May 1.—In the debate on the Morrill pension billin the House yesterday afternoon, Mr. Springer, of Illinois, said: "I am opposed to the bill for the reason that it is not based upon just principles of legislation to the soldiers of the country. It recognizes in the first section the right of every person who served 90 days in the army, when he reaches the age of 62 years, to an equal pension with a man who served four years. It is manifestly unjust, as a basis for service pension, that he who served 90 days shall have the same pension on account of his service as the man who served four years.

"In the second section of the bill it is provided that when the soldier has contracted a disability, no matter what the cause, whether in the service or out of it, whether in honest or dishonest occupation, if he served ninety days he is to get a pension equal to the man who served four years and whose disability arises from an honorable cause. It makes no discrimination, I say, between those who contracted disability through their own vicious habits and those who are disabled from ordinary causes of nature or from unavoidable accidents.

"The provision in regard to widows is to the effect that when they become 62 years of age they are entitled to a pension, but before that time, if they are dependent—in other words, they come under the pauper designation—they can get a pension at once, and before attaining that age. These provisions, in my judgment, are unjust and inequitable. In fact, this is a bill which neither in detail nor in its entirety has been asked for by the soldiers.

"I hold in my hand an article from THE TOLEDO BLADE, an organ of the Grand Army of the Republic, in which, in speaking of the motion of the gentleman from Kansas (Mr. Morrill), a few days ago to suspend the rules and pass this bill—"

Mr. Henderson of Iowa.—"Let me ask the gentleman who made that paper the organ of the Grand Army of the Republic?"

Mr. Springer.—"The editor who voices the sentiments, and the soldiers of the country, who make it and recognize it as such. This editor says, in speaking of that motion:

> An attempt was made on Monday, April 7, to rush this measure through the House under a suspension of the rules. Fortunately the scheme did not work. The soldiers of the country understand clearly the motive which prompted this attempt to use the gag rule to choke off a service pension measure, which a clear majority of the House favors. Should any other attempt of this sort succeed, it will be a costly piece of work for the men concerned therein.

"Commenting further upon the action of the majority of the House on the occasion, the editor of that leading Republican paper in Ohio says:

> Why should certain men in Congress be so anxious to pass a bill which is indignantly spurned by the vast majority of the ex-soldiers themselves? When they ask for bread, why insult them by the proffer of a stone?
>
> Service pensions have been granted the survivors of all our great wars, and have become the well nigh universal habit and policy of the government. In the WEEKLY BLADE, of April 18, we recapitulated the arguments in favor of service pensions, of which a copy was sent to every member of Congress.
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> We reiterate, with added emphasis, the fact that nothing save a service pension measure without any age limit, will be satisfactory to not only the ex-soldiers themselves, but the people generally, especially the entire West. * * * * * * There is no doubt the ex-soldiers, their sons and their friends, are at last aroused to the point of determining to take political action in case Congress at its present session, shall neglect to pass a service pension bill.
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> Wherever these voting elements hold the balance of power—and they do in nearly all the districts of the West and Northwest—they will make their power felt in the conventions and at the polls in the Congressional contest this fall. It is but human nature for men who find the hopes they have been stayed by false promises, fooled by political knavery, to seek revenge, even if that revenge shall bring them no personal advantage.

"These extracts are taken from a leading organ of the Grand Army of the Republic; they represent the sentiment of those who have asked and are asking that the soldiers of the late war be pensioned according to the length of their service. A per diem service pension has been petitioned for by the Grand Army of the Republic, and the soldiers of the country desire Congress to pass such a bill."

THE BILL PASSED.

The Discussion in the House Given in Full.

WASHINGTON, May 1.—In the House last evening Mr. McKinley, of Ohio, from the committee on rules, reported a provision providing for the immediate consideration of the Senate dependent pension bill, to which the Morrill service penston bill may be ordered as a substitute.

Mr. Carlisle, of Kentucky, protested against the adoption of resolutions of this character, which took away from the committee of the whole the right to consider money bills and forced the House to vote upon them after a brief debate.

It was estimated that the Morrill bill involved an expenditure of $40,000,000, and the Senate bill an expenditure of $87,000,000. One of these bills it was proposed to pass after three hours' debate. It was not fair to the members of the House; it was not fair to the taxpayers of the country. Pension estimates were never liberal enough, and he undertook to say that the expenditure under the Senate bill would amount to $45,000,000 and under the House bill to $50,000,000. There was no reason that they should not be considered under the rules of the House. What was the reason for this proceeding? Was it because gentlemen feared discussion? He imagined not, for if they were meritorious bills the more discussion there was, the more their merit would appear.

Was it because they feared the amendments which gentlemen supposed the soldiers of the country desired? He imagined that this was the real cause. While he would not vote for either bill, he did not see any substantial reason why they should not be considered in the usual way. The Oklahoma bill had been taken out of the committee of the whole with the previous question ordered upon it. The same has been true of the great court bill. If this was not a confession that the new code of rules had failed to facilitate the business of the House, he did not understand its meaning. [Applause on the Democratic side.] From this time on, he would protest against this system and insist upon the rights of members on both sides to have the opportunity for discussion and amendment, which every just code of rules must secure to them.

Mr. Henderson, of Iowa, inquired whether gentlemen on the other side would support measures desired by the soldier.

Mr. Carlisle said that he was not authorized to speak on this subject, but that in his opinion there was not a majority on his side willing to give to the soldiers what gentlemen on the other side said they wanted when the Democrats were in the majority, but there were gentlemen on the Democratic side who would give the soldiers more than the gentleman from Iowa was willing to give them.

Mr. Henderson—"You are very liberal when you are out of power. We took care of the soldiers when you had the majority; we intend to take care of them now."

Mr. Carlisle—"The gentlemen on the other side were very extravagant when they were in the minority; they are very parsimonious now."

Mr. Henderson—"No pension legislation passed when you were in power without our votes, and none would have passed."

Mr. Carlisle—"I do not know what the vote was, but I know what these measures are; and I know that they do not come up to the standard demanded by gentlemen on the other side when they were in the minority."

Mr. McKinley argued that the resolution was justified under the present code of rules and not to unit this, but it was justified by the precedents set by the House over which the gentleman from Kentucky (Mr. Carlisle) presided. The Republicans wanted to do the public business of the country. Talk about considering measures! The Democrats considered and did nothing, the Republicans considered and did something. What the country wanted was results and not speeches. [Applause on Republican side.]

The resolution was adopted, and Mr. Morrill, of Kansas, took the floor in explanation and support of his bill. This act of justice, he said, had been too long postponed. If the government were to grant a service pension, it should grant it without delay. The total number of persons put upon the pension roll under the provisions of the bill were estimated at 440,000, at an annual cost of $89,624,000. The object of the bill was to render aid to every soldier over 62 years of age, to every disabled soldier without regard to age, and to widows of deceased soldiers who needed assistance. Although the government had not been niggardly to the old soldier, it had not been extravagant.

His old comrades were as loyal and true to the government to-day as when they left their homes and firesides and went to battle for their country; and those who were successful and surrounded by the comforts of life and health, would forego any claim against the government, until their unfortunate comrades were kindly cared for.

Mr. Yoder, of Ohio, spoke in favor of the per diem pension bill asked for by the Union Veterans' association, the G. A. R., and the Kansas and Indiana Service Pension association. He charged the Republicans with not being true to their promise to the soldier. For five months Congress had been in session, and the House had considered no pension legislation save a few minor bills. Now the majority came forward with a so-called service pension bill, which might be better entitled a bill "providing pensions to soldiers after they are dead, and their widows, providing they become paupers before they die." If he could get the per diem bill, he would vote for the pending measure; but he would vote under protest.

Mr. Martin, of Indiana, held the same view and spoke in support of a per diem pension and an arrears limitation repeal bill. He asked leave to offer the Grand Army bill as a substitute for the Morrill, but Mr. Kerr, of Iowa, objected.

Mr. Tarsney, of Missouri, opposed the bill because it made no discrimination between the soldiers who served three months and the soldiers who served three years; because it made no distinction between disability arising from service in the army and disability resulting from the vicious conduct of the person to whom the pension was granted. The pending bill ought not to go into history under the appellation of the Morrill bill, but under the appellation of the immoral bill.

Mr. Kerr, of Iowa, thought that the bill went as far as Congress could go, in view of the promise the Republicans had made for the reduction of taxation.

Mr. J. D. Taylor, of Ohio, earnestly advocated the bill.

Mr. Grosvenor, of Ohio, said that this bill, added to the prisoner-of-war bill, when it was passed, would add 450,000 names to the pension rolls, and would make that roll 950,000. The total expenditure for pensions would reach $150,000,000 per annum. This gross sum amounted to nearly 43 per cent of the gross income of the government. It did not do all he wished, but it resulted in a munificent generosity such as the world had never before witnessed, and exceeding that of all the civilized nations combined.

Mr. Springer, of Illinois, was opposed to the bill because it was not based on a just principle to the soldiers. It granted the same pension to all men who served 90 days, when the war was looked upon as a picnic party, as to a man who fought for four years. This bill was not asked for by the soldiers of the country. If the question had not gone into the Republican caucus there would have been a large majority of the House in favor of a per diem pension bill.

Mr. Sayres, of Texas, opposed both bills in the interest of the taxpayers of the country and predicted that if the measure became a law our pension expenditure for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1892, would reach $200,000,000.

Mr. Perkins, of Kansas, said that at the last election the Republicans had promised that if they were successful the man they honored by their votes would not spend the Fourth of July vetoing pension bills, nor go fishing on Decoration day. They had made promises to the soldier; and those promises they intended to keep, notwithstanding Democratic opposition.

Mr. Turner, of Kansas, said that justice, humanity and gratitude demand a service pension.

On motion of Mr. Cheadle, of Indiana, an amendment, agreed to in caucus, was adopted to the Morrill bill, reducing the age limitation from 62 to 60 years of age. The Morrill bill was agreed to as a substitute for the Senate bill—yeas 183, nays 71.

Mr. Yoder moved to recommit the bill with instructions to the committee on invalid pensions to report back a per diem pension bill. The motion to recommit was lost—yeas 48, nays 161.

The following is the affirmative: Messrs. Barwig, Briggs, Brickner, Brookshire, Buckalew, Bynum, Campbell, Caruth, Chipman, Clancy, Clinton, Cooper, of Indiana; Covert, Cummings, Dunphy, Fitch, Fithian, Flower, Fowler, Geissenhainer, Gibson, Goodnight, Haynes, Holman, Magner, Martin, of Indiana; McAdoo, McClellan, McCreary, O'Neill, of Massachusetts; Outwaite, Owens, of Ohio; Parrett, Paynter, Pennington, Pickler, Reilly, Seney, Shiverly, Spinola, Springer, Stone, of Kentucky; Tarsney, Tracey, Turner, of New York; Whiting, Williams, of Illinois; Yoder.

The senate bill as amended by the substitute was then passed—Yeas, 179; nays, 70. [Loud Applause.]

It Arrives In the Senate and Is Referred to the Pension Committee.

A message from the House, with the House amendment to the Senate dependent pension bill, was laid before the Senate on May 2, and Mr. Davis, chairman of the committee on Pensions, moved that the amendment be non-concurred in and a conference asked.

Mr. Ingalls said that in view of the action taken by the House, he thought it important that the amendment be printed and that the matter lie over until the Senate had an opportunity of examining it.

Mr. Allison called for the reading of the amendment and it was read.

Mr. Sherman—"I suggest, in order to save time, that the bill and amendment be referred to the committee onpensions."

Mr. Ingalls—"I cordially concur in that suggestion." The bill and amendment were accordingly so referred.

What Pensions Will Cost.

In a letter to the speaker of the House of Representatives the secretary of the Interior estimates that it will require $89,806,752 annually to give a service pension to every survivor of the late war not now on the rolls; $6,642,817 annually to increase the pensions of those now on the rolls to $8 a month, and $9,776,768 to the widows of deceased soldiers—a total annual expenditure of $106,226,337.

CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE.

Republicans in Washington Make Their Selections.

The Republican senators and representatives were in caucus on the night of May 5 to select the members of the Republican Congressional Campaign committee. Senator Hoar presided and Representative McComas acted as secretary. Owing to the long House caucus there was a small attendance and it was not found expedient to complete the list. The following members were chosen and the other state delegations will report the names of their selections to Secretary McComas to-morrow.

Colorado, Townsend; Delaware, Higgins; Illinois, Rowell; Indiana, Cheadle; Iowa, Gear; Kentucky, Wilson; Louisiana, Coleman; Maryland, McComas; Massachusetts, Walker; Michigan, Stockbridge; Missouri, Wade; New Hampshire, Blair; New Jersey, Buchanan; New York, Belden; Pennsylvania, Bingham; Tennessee, Honk; Virginia, Bowden; West Virginia, Atkinson; Wisconsin, Sawyer; Wyoming, Carey; Idaho, Duboise.

The Tariff Debate.

The great tariff debate opens in the House this week. It began on Tuesday, and will extend through the week at least. No limit has been set upon the general debate yet, but an effort will be made during the week to pass a resolution placing a limit upon it, and that limit will be short.

The Republicans talk about setting it at one week, and the Democrats ask two weeks. An effort is being made to bring about a compromise on ten days, but with what success remains to be seen. The leaders of the Republican side have consulted among themselves; they have consulted with the speaker, and they have consulted with the Democratic members of the Ways and Means committee, but always with the same unsatisfactory results.

The friends of the river and harbor bill, and these include the good part of the congressmen, for most of them have "pork in the pot," are in earnest about trying to take up the bill and pass it under a suspension of the rules. Two-thirds will be necessary to do this, and the attempt will not be made unless there is a reasonable certainty that the requisite number of votes can be carried. There has been much counting of noses during the last day or two, and the belief prevails that this can be done.

Many of the Democratic side favor this course, perhaps being the more willing, because if such action is criticised as it will be, they can shift the responsibility to the shoulders of the Republican majority. Not all the Republicans are in favor of "railroading" through this bill, which every year, from time immemorial, has held more or less suspicion of jobbery connected with it, no matter which party was "steering" it. The bill this year, as perfected in the committee, carries some twenty-two million dollars, which is about the average. If considered under suspension of the rules there will be no opportunity for amendment, and but a very brief time for debate. If this course for the bill is decided upon, the motion will be made at the first opportunity.

THE EIGHT-HOUR STRIKE.

THE EIGHT-HOUR DAY.

The Strike in Chicago—The Movement Elsewhere.

The signal was given at Chicago on May 2, and the iron molders in most of the large manufacturing establishments went out on strike, or rather they declined to go to work at the old rates.

The fires under the furnaces of the Malleable Iron Works were banked that morning, the 75 molders there having declined to resume work. They ask for the eight-hour day and a uniform rate of wages. This was refused.

There are 1,600 men employed at the Malleable iron works, and if the molders' strike long continues the entire plant will be compelled to shut down. The men simply declined to return to their places on May 2, and pickets were posted about the works to see that no non-union men went to work.

At the McCormick harvesting machine works 150 moulders declined to go to work. All the molders' helpers are also out, and the strike threatens to spread to the balance of the employes of the works, which employs 2,500 men. The molders also posted pickets at this place, and any attempt to put non-union men at work will be met by a determined resistance.

The strike spread to Bomen & Richardson's establishment. The moulders refused to go to work. The moulders at Griffin's iron foundry struck. There were eighty men employed there.

The Illinois steel company granted 200 of their moulders the eight-hour day and a strike was averted. The moulders employed at the Deering reaper works and a number of machinists struck.

Ten thousand employes in the sash, door and blind factories, planing mills, and other such lines of business, went on strike for the eight-hour work-day. There are about 25,000 of them, all told, in the city.

All the hands at the C. J. L. Meyer & Sons Co., manufacturers of sash, doors and blinds, went out on a strike. The employes number 400. The yards of the firm are at the North Pier. The men demand nine hours' work with nine hours' pay as a substitute for the ten hour system.

The firm declined to concede the eight hours and informed the men that they would take the matter of pay under advisement. The men refused this offer. The 400 strikers are composed of machinists, cabinet makers and carpenters.

The Carpenters Still Out in Chicago—The Coopers.

The striking carpenters of Chicago, read in the afternoon papers of Saturday and the morning papers of Sunday that the arbitration committees had come to an agreement, and that work was to be resumed for the new bosses' association the 5th. Without waiting for orders from the strikers' headquarters, many of them went to work that morning. When this fact was reported at headquarters runners were sent out to pull them off.

Secretary Howard, of the carpenters' council, says the men will not be allowed to resume work till every point of difference between the men and the bosses has been fully settled, and this will, in all probability, not be accomplished before Thursday or Friday.

The coopers at the stock yards who had resolved to go on strike on the 5th evidently thought better of it, as they went to work as usual.

A visit to the planing mills, box factories and sash, door and blind factories, on May 5, disclosed the fact that the strikers had for the most part given in to the terms of the bosses, which are ten hours per day, and that business was proceeding as usual.

The Marble Cutters.

At a secret meeting of the marble cutters' union at Chicago on the evening of May 3, it was resolved to make a demand on the employers for eight hours' work and nine hours' pay. The demand was generally conceded. This demand only applied in the retail shops, which employ, in the aggregate, about 2,000 men. The employes in the wholesale establishments decided not to make any demand, being convinced that their employers, who have to compete with Vermont marble, are not in a position to give any better terms.

In the sash, door and blind mills strike on May 3, the employers conceded the strikers' demands for the eight-hour day, pending a conference with the men and with each other. The employers say that they cannot afford to give their men the eight-hour day unless it becomes general among their competitors.

Four hundred sash, door and blind workers on a strike at the C. J. L. Meyer & Sons company, were offered eight hours' work, and eight hours' pay by the firm on May 3. This was refused. The men demanded eight hours' work and nine hours pay.

The effect of the failure of the coal mine operators and the miners of Illinois to reach an agreement at their recent conference in Chicago is beginning to appear in murmurs of discontent among the miners at various points throughout the state and strikes are not improbable.

At Pana, Ill., the men in one shaft struck, claiming that the company's scales were incorrect. An investigation showed that the claim was unfounded and when the men offered to return to work they were locked out.

At Bloomington the miners have demanded an advance of 17½c per ton for mining, and the operators informed them that they would close the mine rather than accede to the demand.

At Lincoln, Ill., one hundred miners struck on May 2 by order of the federation of trade.

IN BOSTON.

The Men Are Still Out But Everything is Quiet.

The strike of the Boston carpenters on May 1, proceeded in a peaceful and quiet manner. On the morning of May 2, 500 of the men reported at headquarters and 30 minutes later walking delegate Glinkard mounted the platform and addressed the men briefly.

He then read his report as manager of the picket department. Thursday he said 375 men had been detailed for picket duty. There were 102 shops and jobs visited, principally those of members of the builders' association, and only 47 men were to work at these places, 28 of these men left work and joined the strikers.

Accept the Terms.

The steamfitters of Boston have decided to accept the offer of the Master Steamfitters' association, nine hours per day for six days in the week without reduction in wages.

New York Carpenters.

The carpenters of New York city as a body did not have to strike to enforce their demands for eight hours as a day's work. There were but few of them to be seen at the meeting hall on May 5. Those that were there said that 300 bosses had granted the demand and that only 35 had refused. In the latter places the men struck.

A meeting of the men will be held later at which authentic reports of the condition of affairs will be made and committees appointed to visit the shops on strike. It is expected that all the difficulties will be settled within a week.

The house smiths did not go on strike, their demands having been complied with by their employers. The entire police force was on reserve duty on May 5, in case their services we re needed, but so far no troubles have called for their interference.

Will Amalgamate.

At a meeting of the the Trades' council, at Fall River, Mass., on May 5, representatives of the Amalgamated and Protective weavers' unions expressed themselves in hearty accord with the plan to merge the two unions, and a committee was appointed to secure this end. There are 15,000 weavers with but 4,000 union members, the plea of the outsiders being that they don't know which body to join.

Kansas City Packers.

The adjourned meeting of the employes of the Kansas City, Missouri, packing houses, held for the purpose of perfecting plans for the organization of a union subordinate to the national Confederation of Labor, occurred on May 2. After adjournment it was announced that a permanent organization had been effected. It was determined to agitate the eight-hour system.

Sensible Men on the Coast Look to Others' Interests.

Carpenters and joiners numbering 1,200 and mill workers to the number of 750, struck at San Francisco, Cal., on May 2 for eight hours. The mill workers warned their employers of the strike some time ago, but when the employers refused their demands they decided to submit as usual.

By noon, however, they changed their minds and struck. On May 2 they sent a delegation to the carpenters' union asking support. After a heated discussion this was refused before August, on the ground that the mill owners had contracts on hand made on the basis of nine hours and that it is not fair for the mill-workers to strike until these are completed. The mill workers are highly indignant.

Carpenters in Louisville.

Of the 1,26 journeymen carpenters in Louisville, between 900 and 1,000 struck on May 2 for eight hours and 25 cents an hour as the minimum of wages. One big contractor only has signed the arbitration committee's agreement and the builders' and traders' exchange has so far ignored the movement.

Harness Makers.

The harness makers of St. Louis, to the number of 250, struck on May 5. They demand an increase of 15 per cent in wages, which the shop-owners refuse to grant. The harness makers also have other grievances, and declare they will abandon the trade and seek other employment rather than return to work under the old arrangements.

Ohio Miners.

Six hundred coal maers struck on May 5 at Bellaire and Cumbridge, O., against the use of the screen.

The coal miners of Peoria, Illinois, are calmly awaiting the decision of the Chicago conference. All mines there are closed, and at a mass meeting on May 1 the men endorsed the Columbus scale and decided to abide by the decision of the Chicago conference.

LABOR IN EUROPE.

Some Rioting Reported at Barcelona—General News.

The strikers at Barcelona, Spain, conducted themselves in a notorious manner on May 2. A mob of strikers set fire to a tool house. The guard charged the mob, and two of the strikers were injured. Several shots were fired. Another group of strikers attacked a printing office in which siege proclamations were being printed. They put a stop to the work, and the authorities were obliged to have the proclamations printed elsewhere under military protection.

In Valencia the striking workmen continue their attempts to intimidate the men who have not joined in the strike. They tried to force the hands employed in the Government tobacco factory to leave their work, but the civic guards prevented them from carrying their designs into execution.

The striking employes of the great Southern and Western railway in Ireland resumed work at noon on May 3 on the company's terms. In returning to work the strikers acted on the advice given them by Archbishop Walsh.

A Paris dispatch of May 3 says: The strike at Tourcoing has become general, and the strikers are parading the streets and stopping all kinds of work. Large reinforcements of troops have arrived to aid the authorities in preserving order.

Some Trouble in France.

A dispatch from Tourcoing, in the department of the Nord, France, states that serious trouble has broken out there. The hands employed in 20 mills at that place went on a strike on May 2, and great crowds of men gathered about the streets to discuss their grievances.

The crowd was augmented by a body of 5,000 strikers from Roubaix, another manufacturing town a short distance from Tourcoing, who marched in a mass into the latter place, and soon all hands began to show an ugly feeling, which culminated in a riot.

At Marseilles it is estimated that 50,000 workmen took part in the labor demonstration on May 1. The streets were noisy, but there was no breach of the peace. A large meeting was held at the labor exchange and a deputation consisting of 40 presidents of the various trades unions and 3,000 workmen were appointed to visit the prefecture and present a petition in favor of eight hours for a day's work.

The perfect declined to receive the deputation in a body, but offered to receive the members if they would divide themselves into groups. The deputation, however, had been instructed to be received as a whole or not at all, and the party therefore re-formed in procession and returned to the Exchange. After they arrived at the Exchange the meeting quietly adjourned.

A Grand Demonstration in Hyde Park, London.

The London *Pall Mall Gazette*, commenting upon the labor demonstration on May 4 in Hyde park, says: "The marvellous spectacle will cause yesterday to rank among the most decisive days in the industrial history of England. The demonstration was a spontaneous, genuine working class movement. No continental country could produce so striking a sign of earnestness as was afforded by the enormous processions pouring streams of human beings into the park."

The *St. James Gazette* admits that an enormous number of men took part in the demonstration. It places the number of men in the park at 250,000, but claims that a large proportion of them were idlers. The *Times*, *Standard* and the press of all shades of opinion agree that the demonstration was of an impressive and significant character.

A Socialist Failure.

The miserable failure of the socialists to terrorize Europe over the shoulders of the workingmen on May 1 has robbed socialism of nearly all of its influence as an intimidating agency, and henceforth its power over the laborer will wane until it ceases forever.

The present outcome of long weeks of boasting and threatenings on the part of the socialist leaders and agitators cannot fail to open the eyes of the toilers to the injury to which their affiliation with these people is subjecting them, and the prediction is safe that the power of the socialist to continue the use of the laborer as a catspaw is at an end, or so nearly so that further danger is removed.

Fighting Among Themselves.

There is much discontentment among the strikers at Barceiona, Spain, owing to their failure to secure their demands and in numerous instances their disputes between themselves have ended in fights. A large number of the strikers are showing a disposition to return to their work. The authorities have assured them that if they resume work they will be protected.

Favor Organization.

The committee of the House of Lords, appointed to inquire into the "sweating" system, which is causing much of the misery among the residents of the eastern part of the city, urges the hands to combine and by organization force their employers to pay better wages and grant shorter hours of labor.

GENERAL NEWS.

INSANE ASYLUM BURNED.

Terrible Loss of Life Among the Inmates.

MONTREAL, May 6.—The insane asylum at Longue Pointe, nine miles from here, caught fire at 11:30 this morning and at 2 o'clock was a mass of flames with no hope of saving the building from utter destruction.

As near as can be calculated at this hour, there are from 100 to 150 insane inmates still in the burning building, with no chance of their escape.

The fire apparatus at the asylum is utterly inadequate to control the flames, and several steamers have been forwarded from here on a special train.

The sights in the grounds surrounding the institution are horrible beyond description.

Hundreds of lunatics, male and female, are grouped together, gibbering and in a frenzied condition.

The nuns are making every effort to control them and allay their fears, and as rapidly as possible the poor creatures are being removed to places of shelter in the neighborhood.

A few minutes past 2 o'clock a detachment of the Montreal fire brigade arrived on the scene, and they are now doing good work.

The excitement among the lunatics in the grounds finally became so great that a detachment of the Montreal police force was hurried out to assist the guards. There were 1,300 persons in the asylum when the fire broke out.

SPRING WHEAT.

Reports From Correspondents Very Encouraging.

Reports to Chicago from crop correspondents relative to spring wheat prospects are encouraging. Seeding is about over, and in many cases the grain is up and making good growth. Minnesota and Dakota correspondents began to complain of drought last week, but the recent heavy fall of snow and rain throughout the North and West will tend to restore the confidence of farmers who were beginning to fear a repetition of last spring's experience.

Although it is still early for an estimate of the area seeded, reports indicate a diminution from the acreage usually sown in Illinois, Wisconsin and Dakota. Nebraska correspondents report a slight increase in acreage. The acreage sown in Minnesota and Dakotas will equal that of last year.

Taking into account the favorable conditions for seeding that have prevailed over the spring wheat belt and the timely rains that have just fallen, farmers have reason to expect good harvests from the crop. We summarize as follows the reports of correspondents relative to the acreage as compared with an average: Illinois, 91 per cent.; Wisconsin, 94; Minnesota, 100; Dakota, 94; Iowa, 100, and Nebraska, 101.

Valuable Timber Lands in Minnesota Ablaze.

A dispatch from Red Lake, Minnesota, May 5, says the vast forests of pine in the west angle of what was until recently the Red Lake reservation are in flames. The fire started about twenty miles northeast of Fosston last Friday, and an Indian runner who arrived Sunday night from the vicinity of Red Lake reports that a strip several miles wide has already been burned over, and that the flames are sweeping on toward Red Lake.

Millions of feet of pine have been destroyed, and unless the heavy snow and rain storms of Sunday checked the flames the loss will be enormous. It is in this district that American and Canadian timber thieves have been and are still operating, and there is a likelihood that their extensive plants will be burned.

Found the Meteor.

On the evening of May 3, a meteor of large size was seen by a number of citizens, of Sioux City, Iowa, passing northwest of the city. When first seen it was on an elevation of about 25 degrees, and three explosions or flashes of light were seen before it passed out of sight. Advices from several points report the same phenomenon.

The falling aerolite which was seen from all parts of Iowa Friday evening was found in Winnebago county, eleven miles south of Forest City. It had exploded and the pieces were scattered over a considerable territory.

Sugar Beet Seed.

The experiment with sugar beet seed, from central Germany and Bohemia, has been very successful in Ontario, Canada, and a large acreage has been sown this year. Should this season's operations be successful, 7,000 acres will be put under cultivation next year.

The yield from this acreage would equal the entire Canadian raw sugar importation and give employment to forty large refineries. The value of the product of one acre of the beets is equa to that of the product of four acres of any kind of grain.

A Company With Four Millions of Money On a Still Hunt.

A Cleveland dispatch says: A syndicate composed of men connected with the American Straw Board company, or Straw Board trust, as it is called, is on the outlook for all available mills manufacturing straw wrapping paper.

The plan, it is said, is to form a company with a capital of $4,000,000 and run the wrapping paper industry on a line similar to that adopted in regard to straw board. The syndicate is understood to have options on 71 of the 83 concerns engaged in the production of this paper.

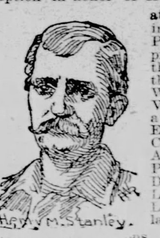
Irish National League.

"Notwithstanding all reports to the contrary," said Dr. Reilly, of Detroit, on May 2, "the Irish National league in America is not dead. It is in as healthy a condition as it ever was, except, perhaps, before an exciting general election, or during the time Mr. Parnell was a prisoner in Kilmainham jail. The receipts for the past two weeks are proof in themselves that the league is still a live organization."

STANLEY WELCOMED.

He Defends His Route Through the Dark Continent.

The Emin relief committee gave a reception in honor of Henry M. Stanley at London on evening of May 1. The Prince of Wales presided. Among the guests were the Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Prince Christian, Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, the Duke of Fife, the Lord Mayor of London, and a large number of


Henry M. Stanley.

notables. The Prince of Wales, in the name of the English people, welcomed the illustrious traveler and said he was glad to accord him a hearty greeting after all he had gone through.

Mr. Stanley, who was received with prolonged cheers, said his position was a difficult one in addressing them, the committee hampering his freedom in regard to what he should say. He defended the route across Africa which he had selected. He paid a high tribute to the devotion and courage of his associates. He said he could not have dispensed with the services of any of them. When Emin was relieved for the second time, said Mr. Stanley, his so-called subjects had revolted four times. Relief reached him at a critical period. The Prince of Wales proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Stanley, which was adopted by acclamation.

PANAMA CANAL.

The Report of the Special Commission Made Public.

The report of the special commission sent out by M. Brunet, the liquidator of the Panama Canal company, to investigate the condition of the canal, estimates that it would cost 485,000,000 francs to complete the canal on the lock system. To this should be added 20 per cent for unforeseen expenses and 28 per cent for the expenses of management and for interest. The total cost is fixed at 900,000,000 francs.

The report further says that it would take between seven and eight years to complete the canal. The annual cost of management is estimated at 10,000,000 francs. According to the estimates of the commissioners the net receipts for the first three years after the opening of the canal would be 38,000,000 francs annually, gradually increasing year by year until twelve years after the opening when they would amount to 61,000,000 francs. The material of the old company and the work already performed are valued by the commissioners at 450,000,000 francs.

THE REICHSTAG.

Emperor William Declares for Peace and More Guns.

The German Reichstag was opened by the emperor on May 6. In his opening address his majesty declared that the efforts to maintain the peace of Europe increase and expressed the conviction that he would succeed in confirming the confidence of the powers on the pacific policy of Germany.

German y, the emperor said, recognized that it is her duty to protect peace by cultivating alliance for purposes of defence, and also by perfecting her armaments, for which purpose a new military credit will be asked. The emperor announced that messages will be presented for improving the condition of the working men.

Evacuation of Egypt.

It is reported that Lord Salisbury offers to conclude a new convention with the Porte arranging for the evacuation of Egypt, providing England be given the right to intervene at any time and to reoccupy Egypt without notice should internal or external danger threaten the country.

A Revolt in Paraguay.

A Buenos Ayres dispatch of May 1 says a revolution has broken out in Paraguay. Several persons have been killed and many wounded. Telegraphic communication is interrupted, and the details that have been received are meagre.

England's Government.

An official statement was issued at London on May 6, showing that the revenues of the United Kingdom, for the year ending March 31, were £89,304,316, and the expenditures £88,083,314.

The Church of Scotland.

In the House of Commons on May 2, Mr. Cameron moved the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church of Scotland. The motion was rejected—256 to 218.

IRRIGATION.

The United States Committee Preparing for Its Work.

The United States irrigation committee is preparing at Huron, S. D., for its work in that state. When the working force to cover South Dakota is organized, Col. Nettleton and Prof. Hay, with Stenographer Greenwell, will go into North Dakota. They will be accompanied by Prof. Culver, Prof. Topliff, Mr. Coffin and Prof. Bailey. They will go to Jamestown and to the Devils Lake region.

Field agents are required to submit their reports to the department between the 10th and 15th of June, and all geological reports must be submitted by the 25th of the same month. The full report of the commission must be completed July 1; therefore no time will be lost in sightseeing.

The work will be pushed with all haste possible, and at the same time insure thoroughness. The investigation is confined directly to the artesian water supply.

Political Union.

A political union has been formed at Springfield, Illinois, by delegates representing the Illinois organization of the Grangers, the Farmers' Mutual Benefit association, the Farmers' Alliance and the Knights of Labor. J. M. Thompson, of Joliet, master of the State grange, was made general president. The confederation will make no separate party nominations, but will exert themselves in primaries and conventions to force the nomination of only such candidates as represent the economic views of the new body.

Childs's Stables Destroyed.

The stable attached to Mr. George W. Childs's country seat, Wootton, near Philadelphia, was destroyed by fire Saturday night. It was probably the finest building of its sort in Delaware county, and cost $55,000. The coachman and groom were slightly burned while trying to save the contents of the stable. The flames are supposed to have been started by an incendiary.

Enormous Fruit Yield.

Reports from all the counties of California give an estimate of the crop prospects for this season. While the grain has suffered in many of the large counties, owing to excessive rains, the dispatches show that the quality of both wheat and barley will be good and the yield of all kinds of fruit will be enormous.

Washington G. A. R.

The state Washington encampment, G. A. R., eleteed M. M. Holmes, of Seattle, depart- ment commander.

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THE KEMMLER WRIT.

Commissioner Shields Tells Why It Was Issued.

United States Commissioner John Shields, of New York, in an interview on May 1, regarding the Kemmler case, said: "Under the circumstances Judge Wallace could not refuse to grant the writ of habeas corpus.

"It was a matter of life or death, and Kemmler was entitled to the writ if there was the slightest color of